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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

A WORLD theoretically made safe for democracy is tending toward dictatorships. In Italy, in Spain, and now in Greece we see the normal methods of democracy set aside in favour of government by some individual who expresses the discontent with democracy felt by a majority or powerful minority of the nation. But in the nature of things no dictatorship can be permanent, and no one has yet discovered how the inevitable return to more or less constitutional methods can be managed without disaster or at least very grave confusion. In Spain partial reaction has been found possible, in so far as a civil has been substituted for a military regime. Whether anything of that kind will be feasible in Greece remains to be seen. For the moment General Pangalos relies, as he says, "on the Army and on the national conscience," but the latter is presumably only a sleeping partner in the enterprise of regenerating Greece.

### GREEK FIRE

There is, in our view, altogether too much hero-worship of dictators at the present moment. If you are strong enough to silence all internal

criticism it stands to reason that you can carry through measures of internal reform. But a dictator is just as great a danger in foreign policy as he may be an asset in domestic policy. Some months ago we ventured to predict that General Pangalos would do no good to Greece, a country far too weak to wave the flag of defiance in anybody's face. The attempt to bully Bulgaria over the recent frontier incident of Demir-Kapou was a complete failure, and were the whole truth known in Greece we have no doubt but that it would lead to the downfall of General Pangalos, its instigator. But instead of admitting his mistake, this gentleman has now declared himself dictator and has assumed entire responsibility for the government of the country. He is not made of the stuff of which dictators should be made, but we fear that he may remain in power long enough seriously to injure his country's prestige.

### ROYALISM IN FRANCE

Dictators are certainly becoming the fashion. Who will be the next? Stranger things might happen than the emergence of a dictator in France. We hear from several sources that the Royalist Party in that country is

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receiving a constant stream of recruits: among the young intelligentsia Royalism is just now very much the thing. It is highly improbable, however, that a monarchy will again replace the Republic; what is possible is a diversion of the desire for an individualist regime from Royalist into Fascist channels, and a resultant enthusiasm for a dictator to lift France out of her troubles.

#### IMPERIAL ITALY

The latest resolutions adopted by the Fascista Grand Council are not of a nature to lessen that uneasiness as to the evolution of Fascismo which we have frequently expressed and which a few of our readers have misinterpreted as hostility to Fascismo *per se*. It is quite true that trains run more punctually than they used to do and it is, perhaps, no great hardship for the foreigner to take off his hat whenever he meets a band of Fascisti carrying a flag or whenever a young Blackshirt sings a patriotic song in a café. Also, the fact that punctuality has been bought at the expense of personal liberty of action and opinion in Italy only affects us indirectly. What does affect us directly, however, are these resolutions declaring that every Fascista must look upon himself as a soldier who may be called upon at any moment to fight abroad. Such talk is dangerous anywhere, but it is especially regrettable in Italy, which, even without Fascismo, is more likely to seek new markets and territory abroad by military adventures than any other country in Europe.

#### BULGARIA AND THE CITY

We welcome warmly the political changes in Bulgaria. We do not believe that Professor Tsankoff is the bloodthirsty scoundrel our sentimental Socialists would have us believe him to be, but he did not enjoy much confidence abroad, especially in quarters lacking the imagination to realize the problem created by the influx of discontented refugees from Thrace and Macedonia. No country in Europe, not excluding Hungary, has been more hardly used by the peacemakers of Paris than Bulgaria, and it is quite certain that no Bulgarian Government will be strong enough to deal with its refugee problem unaided. It will not be possible to negotiate with General Pangalos for a satisfactory outlet to the sea, but with the change of ministry it might be possible to negotiate for a reconstruction loan, similar to those granted to Austria, Hungary and Greece through the League of Nations. M. Liaptcheff, the new Premier, is a moderate man who ought to be able to undertake the necessary obligations on behalf of the whole country, and we hope he will arouse confidence in the City in Bulgaria's future.

#### LIBERALS AND LABOUR

The rumours of attempts to promote a Liberal-Labour alliance grow, and several serious exponents of the plan have come into the open. Suggestions of more than one kind have been made, varying in the degree of closeness which it is suggested the new relationship should have from a more or less vague daily accommodation, such as was supposed to prevail at the outset of

the Labour Government's brief rule, to a formal coalition, looking to the future for office and power. There are certainly elements in both parties far from averse to an arrangement of some kind, but the big difficulty, which does not seem to have been sufficiently considered, lies in the behaviour of the respective parties towards one another in the constituencies. No arrangement, even of the vaguest kind, will work for long while Liberals and Socialists continue to cut each others' throats at elections; and would the ruling Trade Union element in Labour allow an agreement to be made by which each party would guarantee to give the other a free field against Conservatives in the constituencies?

#### LLOYD GEORGE AND MOND

It seems probable that sooner or later some kind of *modus vivendi* will be settled between them, if only through force of circumstances. For alone, neither party is likely to achieve office with power for many long days to come, and adversity makes strange bedfellows. But it will only be done at the cost of a split in both the Liberal and the Labour Parties. Meanwhile events have been given a momentum in that direction by the speech of Sir Alfred Mond last Wednesday, in which he denounced the Lloyd George Land Scheme (which is Socialism by instalments) and said that he, and others for whom he was speaking, refused to have adherence to this scheme made the test of true Liberalism. This speech, made at Carmarthen and endorsed by the audience, is not an auspicious omen for the Lloyd George campaign in Wales with which it is hoped to "sweep the country." We expect to see eventually one limb of Liberalism coming right, the other following Mr. Lloyd George left, there to join the bulk of Labour and form the chief Left party in the country. But these things are not yet.

#### SHORT WEIGHT AND MEASURE

The official record of the evidence submitted to the Food Council in regard to short weight and measure contains much to shock people who trust tradesmen. Statistics relating to a number of provincial areas show that the percentage of deficiency in meat goes up to nearly 22, in milk up to 30, in fish up to 16, and whether there or in London slight deficiency is extremely common. The evil, it may not generally be understood, has developed because, though the Weights and Measures Act makes the use of inaccurate appliances an offence in law, the actual giving of short weight or measure is no such offence unless it be in respect of coal, tea or bread, for which there are special regulations. It is clear now that legislation should have been directed not to the inspection of weighing and measuring apparatus, but to the penalization of short weight or measure. Indeed, that was made plain by the inquiry of 1914. But the nation having been engaged otherwise, the less reputable of its tradesmen have had a respite in which to attract customers by announcing low rates per pound or quart while profiteering through short weight and measure. So much attention has been directed of late years to the big profiteer that the equally despicable small profiteer has received less than his deserts.

## THE COAL OWNERS

The Coal Owners have done less than justice to themselves by the proposals which, according to a Press report, they have formulated for presentation to the Royal Commission as a suggestion for reviving the industry. Between masters and men there is a great gulf fixed. The miners have said, "Not a penny less pay, not a minute more a day," to which the owners reply with a suggestion for longer hours and a return to district agreements. This is reaction of an unhelpful kind. In our opinion these proposals are every bit as foolish and unacceptable as those of the miner extremists themselves. They amount to a declaration of war on the miners, for they demand just those points which the men have sworn they will never concede, and they offer nothing new and constructive, but only a return to conditions which have been superseded. If this is the upshot of the truce, the nation will have paid dearly indeed for its nine months' respite.

## THE PERILS OF HYDE PARK

Morality is not best served by bringing to the notice of millions acts or allegations of indecency which would otherwise have been known only to a policeman or a park-keeper. Hyde Park after sunset may be the chastest place under the stars or a modern Venusberg; which it is we do not profess to know, and no journalist will be fool enough to enter on an investigation attended by so many risks. But the authorities presumably know, and, knowing, should come to some decision. If the evil is really serious, the park should be closed at sundown; if it is not serious, less fuss should be made about the matter. It cannot be good for the newspaper-reading public to be kept in a state of prurient expectation of further scandals, or for saunterers in the park to be encouraged in the belief that it affords opportunities for the satisfaction of a disgusting curiosity. Meanwhile, wise men will give the park a wide berth after dark.

## MR. G. H. MAIR

George Mair, who died in a London nursing home last Saturday at the age of thirty-nine, was among the most brilliant journalists of his time. He brought to journalism an educated and orderly mind, an extraordinary capacity for hard and rapid work, a rare memory and a witty style. His career was brief and meteoric: a little masterpiece of a book at twenty-four, excellent constructive work at the Ministry of Information, responsibility for the Press at Versailles, a brief spell with the League of Nations, two or three years brightening the pages of the *Evening Standard*, and he has gone. For many months he had been ill, and such writing as he did lacked the old spirit. At its best his work was very good indeed: some of the best of it was done for the *SATURDAY REVIEW*, and one of the last articles he ever wrote was published in these pages three weeks ago. If his promise was never fulfilled, that was because ill-health and then death came to him early. George Mair's face and friendship will be sadly missed from Fleet Street, and his hand from the journals for which he wrote.

## THE OLD JOURNALISM AND THE NEW

WITH the death of Sir John Le Sage there passes away a veteran of journalism who missed his chance. Superficially perhaps rather commonplace, he was nevertheless a very remarkable man, shrewd, tenacious, bold without being impudent, authoritative without being domineering, a tireless worker, an exceptional organizer of the labour of other men. Since for a great many years he conducted an important paper with success, we cannot call him in the ordinary sense a failure. But it must regretfully be recorded that he altogether missed taking a part in those developments which have given us the great popular Press of to-day. Say what you will of a good and gifted man gone from us, he was lamentably not in the movement. To note the first of his defects, he was constitutionally incapable of regarding a newspaper as other than an institution with a value and a function of its own. It was impossible to persuade him, or, for that matter, his proprietor, that a newspaper ought to be simply an instrument for the execution of plans concerted privately by its owner with some political rebel or aspirant to office. He held stubbornly to the obsolete or rapidly obsolescent doctrine that the owner or editor of a newspaper must influence events through the newspaper, not primarily through his personal relations with public men. With the prejudice of his age, he gave himself wholly to the divination, the stimulation, the shaping of public opinion. Having been born long before Governments were made and unmade directly by newspaper owners, he seldom expected immediate or far-reaching results from his daily efforts to lay accurate information and sober argument before his large but somewhat stolid body of readers. But whatever the results might be, he was content, in his old-world way, that they should be secured by the normal and unsupplemented methods of journalism. If the truth, as he and his colleagues saw it, could not prevail through argued incitement of the electors to vote in a particular way, he was ready to acquiesce in the continued existence of a Government he disliked. It never entered a mind so old-fashioned as his to secure prestige for his paper by bringing it into action only when private intrigue had weakened the Government. He was merely a journalist.

Again, though no one denied him a sort of primitive sagacity in matters of business, he never grasped the great truth of which Lord Beaverbrook became possessed by listening to Lord Northcliffe telephoning to Kensington High Street. The conversation on that historic occasion, deep calling to deep, was between the newspaper magnate and a lingerie magnate. "Don't trouble to come here," said Lord Northcliffe, "I will come to you." Lord Beaverbrook never forgot that lesson in the importance of drapers to daily newspapers, and in due course he applied it to his own journal, though whether he also went to Kensington High Street in person we do not know. When he had secured the drapers, as he has publicly explained, he felt that his paper had turned the corner. But Le Sage remained comparatively indifferent to the drapers. If he wooed them at all, it was with a distant politeness, and by proxy. His notion of turning the corner was not so much the securing of so many

columns advertising underwear as securing enough readers, through early and accurate news and sound comment, to make it worth every advertiser's while to use his paper. If he was in relation with drapers, it was in much the spirit of the Englishman who knew his daughter had married a Frenchman of letters but could never remember the celebrated name.

Then, to continue the melancholy catalogue of limitations, though Le Sage saw to it that his paper was advertised, he never advertised himself. The people who knew him were mostly those who had worked for him, or tried to do so, or gone to him to enlist his aid in some cause. He did not write books to explain what he had done. He had a queer idea, which he would enunciate with some violence, that all information of which a man became possessed while working for that paper was the paper's, and that it was wrong for such information to be used for any private purpose, even that of proving how much the collector of it had been behind the scenes. Le Sage seemed to think he existed for the paper, not the paper for him, and he got all the applause he needed when it was applauded. It is true he was not its owner, but successive proprietors, father and son, themselves acted on much the same principle as their editor, a principle very well understood also by Delane, of the *Times*, Mudford, of the *Standard*, and several other Victorian journalists, whose names have managed to survive despite their reticence. And so Le Sage failed to impress himself upon his time, except by his work.

We need not dwell further on him. Let us rather rejoice in the progress which he watched but did not appreciably move with. The popular daily Press was never in so good a state as it is now. Every possible demand which an educated people can make is fully met, even before it arises. Here it offers insurance for nothing, and takes a just pride in the number of its readers who are killed, putting the casualties on its posters; there it provides the fullest particulars of crime; elsewhere it supplies a variety of mutually exclusive certainties for each of the day's races; and never does it forget those more conservative readers who like general news with their free insurance and terse political comment with their tips for the 3.30. Also, it sets up and throws down Governments. At least, it was doing so not long ago, and has kept the habit of issuing orders of execution and promotion. If these are not at the moment quite so effective as they used to be, the explanation is not any decline in the papers themselves but the decrease of opportunities for that prefatory personal intrigue on which all depends. And just there is the weakness in the popular daily journalism most characteristic of our day. It can do wonderful things so long as proprietors are received by politicians for confidential chats; but, for some reason or other, private doors do not remain indefinitely open to them. One or two rather particularly important doors have been slammed heavily of late, and there is even a possibility that the greatest of new-style newspaper owners may have to turn from the making of history to the humbler business of recording it. But prudery in politics can only be of brief duration in a democratic country. If not the same doors, other doors will open in course of time, and Downing Street, or its prospective tenants, will once more confer with Fleet Street.

## THERE COMES A TIDE

TO quite a large section of the human race floods are as much a matter of course as rain in August and fog in December are to the Englishman. In some parts of the world the flood is an agricultural blessing, in others it is a periodic terror. Among civilized people the terror has been mitigated by defensive action, and though the Dutchmen, caught between the confluence of swollen Meuse and swollen Waal, are obviously having an unpleasant New Year, they are not destroyed by the ten thousand as was their fate in the Middle Ages, if we are to believe the chronicles. To Englishmen the flood means neither the slaughterer that comes by volcanic upheaval nor the invader that comes by sea. Accidents will happen and North Wales recently felt the terrible impetus of such a disaster, but for our valley-dwellers the flood is simply a colossal puddle where a stream has been raised to a higher power, as they say in mathematics. It does minor damage like the thunderstorm, and can be a considerable nuisance to those who dwell too confidently by the river's brim. The attention of Press photographers, however, appears to afford consolation to some at least of those who become watermen by necessity. The young women who go in search of their tinned salmon equipped as though to angle for the living article have always the possible reward of finding their grins and gumboots reflected in the organs of public opinion.

It is a commonplace that much of modern England is forest destroyed and marsh reclaimed, and our country would not so queen it in the sweet o' the year if it were not for a watery past. Let anyone go to the Mendip slopes in the month of May and look out across the Vale of Avalon, and he will realize that the floodable lands of winter become the emerald mines of a summer island. Floods have their fruitfulness, and the Thames-side meadows, lapped about by the muddy overflow of Cotswold waters, will give their recompense in proud-pied lea and hedgerow when young men are getting out their cricket bats.

Although history, whether of the Jewish or the Roman order, begins with floods, it does not bother about them as much as one would expect when it has done with its Noahs and Deucalions. Medieval towns were mostly built on rivers, but one does not hear that coracles replaced cart and coach as the normal traffic of the winter streets. Oxford was certainly cautious. A summer visitor must often wonder why a city, so noble, fair and wise, has made so little use of its river. Magdalen, it is true, has taken the Cherwell for moat, but the Cherwell is a far less menacing neighbour than the Thames. The Christ-Church-Corpus-Merton alignment has apparently been laid out and laid back in order to give Father Thames a bit of room in which to spread himself. The meadows are the colleges' armour against those Atlantic depressions which turn even the placid Isis into a stream with a load of mischief. Cambridge, couched on smaller waters, can lie more securely, and its architects could more freely bring water into the delightful picture.

It might seem at first sight that civilization would mitigate the floodings that come with the winter rains. But what has happened is almost certainly the reverse. For the cause of discomfort

or disaster is not merely the volume of water that is discharged over a certain area, but the velocity with which it is canalized into certain conduits which cannot endure the pressure. When England had far more trees and scrub than it has to-day the rainfall would take longer to saturate the ground; the better drained a country-side is for agricultural purposes the more rapidly will the water discharged upon it find its way through ditch and stream to fill the river. The kind of England to which the Roman came must have been an excessively dank wilderness of scrub and timber, but life for the inhabitants of Teddington may have been less burdensome than it has been this week. We have, it is true, a Thames Conservancy Board which works with great skill and energy at getting the quart into the pint-pipe. But civilization, which enjoys the labour of the lock-keepers, has helped to make the lock necessary. For it has turned the slow-draining into the quick-draining area, the sponge into the waste-pipe. Thus the rain that falls on a Gloucestershire farm, instead of having its fall broken by thick foliage and then loitering about among absorbent roots, comes down upon orderly fields whence it finds its way by well-kept ditches into the channels of the Thames or its tributaries. The journey to London is thus made more easily and more quickly. The lock-keeper cannot wait for a return of fine weather to help him out, since yesterday's rain will be on him almost at once. In Cæsar's time there must have been far more general marshiness and therefore less of the rapid massing of surplus water that makes a flood. The winter rains, instead of popping off Londonwards with dangerous promptitude, would be loafing lazily about in the undrained woods and marshes, and there might be overtaken by drying wind and sun before their current had been mobilized.

The construction and spread of riverain towns obviously assists the development of floods. There are millions of gallons of household water being collected, used, and discharged in ways that must finally increase the pressure on the river-bed, and heavy rain upon the streets, instead of being left to lie, is escorted to the river by aid of the Borough Council. What civilization does, in short, is to flog and hustle its water into certain limited channels and thus enormously to increase the strain on the drain. It does its best by lock and weir to make those channels competent to bear the added burden that heavy rains and melted snows may bring. But sometimes the conduits will not take the load, and thus the fact that modern Oxford drains its streets promptly, instead of letting the puddles accumulate, added to the replacement of tanglewood by ditched farm-lands, simply makes things all the wilder and wetter for the inhabitants of suburban river-side bungalows.

Civilization, by exterminating the water-holding marsh, overworks the water-carrying river at seasons of crisis. It can also do much to protect itself from the river it thus maltreats. It has its locks, weirs, and dykes. It broadens and guides the natural channels. The Mersey, obviously a dangerous stream since its course from the steep rain-gathering Pennines to the sea is short and swift, flows past Manchester between prison walls. Though the bonds we place upon our rivers are not always effective guardians, it is generally true

that an English flood is more of an ugly nuisance than of a raging, life-destroying devastation. The flooded river gives Egypt its food, the Netherlands their fears, and England its shopping excursions in a punt. The north-east wind gave us plentiful snow before Christmas, and the violent south-westerners have brought the great thaw and the rain. The conditions for floods were perfect. Should Boreas suddenly replace Auster England will go skating as it has rarely done before. But most of us would prefer neither the frozen nor the flooded meadow, but the kindly negation of both which is simply a week or two of mellow wintry sunshine. It will be a kindly January that gives us this.

## CHANCE AND LUCK

BY VERNON RENDALL

MANY friends have wished us a "Happy New Year"; not one "Good luck for a year and a day!" which we should prefer. For to ring the bell of happiness is a sort of Moral Try-your-Strength, involving serious personal effort, whereas good luck is a sort of fairy gift, amoral and belonging by special favour to persons who do not seem to deserve it. Destiny may be made by character, but there is luck as well to be counted. Some may boast with Posthumus in 'Cymbeline,' who certainly did not deserve Imogen:

Many dream not to find, neither deserve,  
And yet are steeped in favours; so am I,  
That have this golden chance, and know not why.

"Voyez-vous, dit D'Artagnan, l'admirable chose que le hasard!" How excellent a thing is chance! When all the moralists have insisted on unremitting pursuit as essential for success, when every Samuel Smiles has bored us to tears with his resolute praise of the industrious apprentice, the idle one appears, crowned with glory by the merest accident. He has lounged into fortune, tumbled into success, like the youngest son in the fairy-stories. All that can be said in his favour as a cunning fellow is that, without knowing it, he selected the right triviality to consider a little more curiously than the others.

This, you may say, is no more than the paradox which every idler must produce to salve his conscience. Let us then produce some evidence, and, first of all, the English language. Men prate of "happiness," as if there were some infallible nostrum or recipe to secure it; but English, after all, says that it is a "hap," which is "chance." Good hap is good luck, a thing that everyone believes in, and that plays a larger part in human affairs than the moralist cares to believe. There is a great deal of talent in a good guess, says Jane Austen; still more, we say, in good luck. For we declare firmly that luck is not equally divided, and there's an end on't. Any of the sportsmen who rely on it for a living will tell you so, with numerous examples, including the man who married a widow and found all the clothes of the deceased husband a perfect fit. One brother among many we know wins raffles beyond the average luck, the others never win anything. One writer like Wordsworth will have a succession of godsendings in helpful money, while another, like

Goldsmith, much less selfish, will struggle for years in penury and wear but once in a way a bloom-coloured coat he cannot afford. Human nature sets such store on this gift for golden chances that it cruelly shuns the unlucky. An actress associated with plays that have failed may get no further chances to play at all in the most superstitious of professions. The man with a reputation as a "Jonah" cannot mingle with his fellows and be received with cordiality. He portends failure. But others are recognized as favourites of fortune. The boatman who knew that he carried "Cæsar and his fortunes" forgot the terrors of the storm. Why was Napoleon never shot or stabbed by one of the many revolutionists whom he made into nothings under his tyranny? His star, his good luck, was with him. Serious writers have even maintained—so great is the belief in luck—that his victories were nothing but happy chance. The enemy moved where he wished, the weather favoured him, and his troops happened to be in the right places. Mark Twain once wrote a story called 'Luck,' the hero of which was a military officer who rose to the highest rank through what at least seemed to be pure luck, including a number of fortunate blunders. He thought the story improbable, and did not publish it till his fortunes were at a low ebb. Then in Rome he met an Englishman who warned him not to go to England without his tomahawk, as he might meet the living hero of his story. He protested that his tale was pure fiction, but got the reply:

"The hero of the sketch will naturally want your scalp, and will probably apply for it. Be advised. Take your tomahawk along."

He met, after all, his victim, and they talked quite agreeably. Unfortunately, the name is not given, only a record of the meeting.

Fortune is "her humorous ladyship," kind now to one, and now to another, as Horace says; but the habit of the English mind seems to be pessimistic, perhaps because of the intense belief in the Devil in old times. The innocent man in the 'Arabian Nights' who ate a date and threw away the stone, hit the unseen son of a Djinn and had to face terrible anger. Everywhere the English seem to expect some such unforeseen bad luck, for they cherish far more omens of evil import than of good. All such superstitious moderns might heed the words of Don Quixote:

I must tell thee that seasons and times are not always the same, but often take a different course; and what the vulgar call forebodings and omens, for which there is no rational ground in nature, ought only to be deemed happy encounters by the wise.

Saul went out to find his father's asses, and found a kingship. That in old days might seem an odd conjunction, but since Sancho brought an ass to his government, and perhaps earlier, the two have been frequently connected by the popular judgment. The worst of it is that we never know when a chance is significant and golden, and put stress on coincidences which are of no moment. Dr. Beattie once observed to Dr. Johnson, as something remarkable that had happened to him, that he had chanced to see both No. 1 and No. 1000 of the hackney coaches, the first and the last. "Why, sir," said Johnson, "there is an equal chance for one's seeing those two numbers as any other two." Boswell remarks that Johnson was

clearly right, yet the two extremes together could not fail to be striking. Some, vainly seeking to systematize luck, select certain days and numbers as theirs for good fortune; but they can hardly expect to justify their confidence with solid results. When luck comes, it is a "golden chance, I know not how." The chance meetings of lovers made for each other are an old commonplace of romance, which has lost its power to-day for the sophisticated. But worldly success and useful discovery are equally subject to chance. A man one day fell into a vat of picric acid; he was not burnt, as he expected, and recovered very quickly, and now that acid is the best remedy known for burns.

Walter Scott, looking for some fish-hooks, found in a drawer the discarded and long-forgotten fragment of a novel. That fragment, taken up again, started him, when Byron had beaten him out of poetry, on a new career: it led to the whole series of the Waverley Novels, which brought him a large fortune and the public infinite pleasure. A young man, reading casually a book by Owen, the naturalist, was fired with a passion for geology and became a famous professor. A friend of ours, who was an apprentice in the mercantile marine, was wicked and enterprising enough to run away from his ship into Australia. The ship sailed away without him and was shortly after lost with all hands. The more rural parts of our railways are often improved by a reminder of the comestibles of civilization, and among these the achievements of Heintz, American and millionaire, take a leading place. How did Heintz get big enough to interfere with the scenery of England? It was very simple. One day he spilt some sugar on pickles by a mistake. He tried the mixture and liked it. It was his golden chance, for he persuaded millions of others to like it. A stately old grandmother we knew used to put sugar into her soup, but she never thought, so far as we know, of applying it to pickles. Once we put sugar on some sausages by mistake, but there was no fortune for us in the mixture: we are not lucky, only industrious. Lamb's story from China of the house burnt down and the resultant roast pig is true in essentials as an example of the things that happen. In science, which pretends to be most precise, chance is more dominant than anywhere. Searching for one thing, a man finds another. Nero fiddled while Rome was burning; but life may be saved or vastly improved by a man who is fiddling in a laboratory and has no idea what he will find. The first caveman's child who discovered that a round stone was much prettier and easier to play with than any other was inventing sport and health for many millions. William Webb Ellis, in 1823, when in the most conservative place in the world, a Public School, he first thought of taking the Rugby ball in his hands and running with it, invented the grandest winter sport in the world.

So potent, indeed, is luck that Samuel Butler has tried to show that it is really cunning. The good sense of the world knows better, and those who have taken their golden chances will always ascribe them to luck which is beyond calculation, and beyond the recognizable powers that make a destiny. And, after all, chance is not supreme. The last word is with Shakespeare:

In the reproof of chance  
Lies the true proof of men.

## "UNCHANGED"

[FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT]

YOU leave the United States amid a chorus of good wishes and exhortations: "Oh! if only you could find a French Mussolini ready to take power when you reach the other side!" "But, remember, a crisis is a crisis and cannot be solved by mere talk: you must be ready for strong measures and ready for sacrifices." "Count on these old United States, politicians are not America; but you must send us a really nice Frenchman." "Do you think France will hate us because of this vile debt? Borah is nothing. Watch the preparation for the next election in Missouri or Arizona! But, of course, you must understand that remission is impossible, and perhaps would not be moral." "You realize it's all Wilson, don't you?" "Oh! if only we could be in the League! . . . However, the World Court is a sure thing."

Nine days of tempestuous sea and you reach Havre harbour, full of dancing lights and of sonorous calls in your suddenly recognized language. The pilot has brought the newspapers and you see the familiar titles. They make you smile with delight, as many a man smiles at seeing his home, forgetting that his mother-in-law is not far from the glowing hearth. Oh! the sameness of French politics! "Situation unchanged" the war *communiqué* used to say. The same old thing, *toujours la même chanson*, you groan inwardly. When you left, the Radicals were at Nice, trying to mollify the Socialists by promises of defending a capital levy and abolishing the tax on the turnover. You now find the Socialists trying to keep the Radicals in their wake by promises of the stage money known as political support. Whole columns are filled with the discussion. Some federations say yes to the suggestion of Socialist participation in the Government; others say no. M. Léon Blum, the Socialist leader, is not in Paris, he is resting at his Villa Hélianthe—in Biarritz, if you please—he is too tired to receive journalists. But M. Renandel is not tired, and he is as energetic as ever in his affirmation that Socialists ought to be in the Cabinet; in fact, ought to run the show. There is a Congrès de la Seine—always is—and you run your eye along the report. Zyromski, Weill, Waltz, all the good old French names, as usual. Yet, lurking in a corner, lies a real piece of news: M. Chantemps and the other friends of M. Herriot in the Briand Cabinet are only staying there, in spite of M. Doumer's presence, to avoid a ministerial crisis before the Socialists have made up their minds about participation or non-participation. A little further down appears an even more startling piece of information: on January 12, when the Chamber meets again, the Socialists will at last be ready, the Cabinet will be overthrown, and the tired gentleman in the Villa Hélianthe will be fresh for office. This is the Socialist gossip which may reflect real ambitions, but has been stale for more than a year.

On the Radical side, the situation is unchanged, too. Now that M. Loucheur and his group have seceded from the Cartel, it ought to be perfectly easy for a man like M. Briand to govern with the Moderate Radicals supported by nearly the

whole of the Right, but Radicals prefer uncertainty to the support of even M. Louis Marin. They still want to give the country the impression that one class ought to pay taxes and obey, while another class pays nothing but governs. *Même histoire!* In his half dismantled but still grand tower, old Clemenceau caws as usual, and, as usual, caws to good purpose. He has just published a paper on Demosthenes in which the present situation is clearly described in terms of twenty-four centuries ago. Who can doubt that a few months, even weeks, of a Clemenceau regime should be enough to settle the financial situation, that is to say, tax the country as it must be taxed, in an atmosphere of sufficient union? M. Poincaré, not so strong a man, was equal to the effort in January, 1924. But *union sacrée* appears to the Radical, who is nothing if he is not a politician, as a renunciation of the fruits of his victory. Locarno is the simplest thing, as long as it only means reconciliation with Germans; the moment it seems to imply, as it really does, the reconciliation of Frenchmen with other Frenchmen, it becomes an impossibility. However, there is comfort in the thought that where there are no dictators there are forces which cannot be resisted: economic necessities in Great Britain, an excess of gold in America, financial extremities in France, rule even rulers and push whole countries along towards various but equally inevitable goals.

## THE NEW RELIGION: A SPECULATION

BY RICHARD BUXTON

[We think it desirable to state that we do not associate ourselves with the views expressed in this article.—Ed. S.R.]

THE worst of having an historical mind is that the ordinary span of human life is not long enough to satisfy it. One knows—one cannot but know, if one cares enough for this branch of study—that all past history is inaccurate. The most assiduous students of the reign of Charlemagne have not yet produced any account of the events and conditions of that time which would not make Charlemagne's cat split his sides with laughing. And as for present history, for history in the making, our mortality cannot both observe the event and moralize upon the consequences. There is no man living who saw the French Revolution; and that was but the prologue to a drama of which we are now presenting the first act. The philosophic historian is reduced, therefore, to speculation upon the future, a barren and unhelpful activity of the mind. It is the best he can do; and may I be pardoned if I begin with the trite remark that the world is seeking for a religion—is ripe, ripe indeed, for the appearance of a new one?

I do not found this opinion entirely on the concern which the daily Press is now showing in religious matters, but that is a phenomenon worthy of notice. When one great newspaper proprietor attempts to exploit some branch of human emotion, that may be only his personal fad; when others imitate him the attention of the historian is engaged. The opinions of Mr. A. and Mr. B., of Miss X. and Mrs. Y., on the existence of a soul, on the problem of how to be good, and on the continuance of man after death, are now regarded by Fleet Street as news of a high order. No matter that these ladies and gentlemen have nothing of importance to say on the subject. The

hungry sheep look up and are not fed; but the significant fact is that the hungry sheep do look up. It is a fact recognized in unexpected quarters. The first daily paper to set seriously about justifying the ways of God to man printed one day the first echoes of its effort and also, more obscurely, the information that a distinguished Buddhist missionary had just arrived in London. I cannot help imagining him as feeling, after acquainting himself with the Gospel according to Mr. Arnold Bennett, that here indeed was a fallow field for his labours. Perhaps Buddhism will conquer. It seems to be in the nature of things that mankind, with so much more in common than of difference, should at last agree upon one religion; and this is a point upon which all religions, save the most advanced and the most backward, are emphatically agreed. But it seems to me that modern civilization, in this respect, is in a ferment which portends something new, and that by the known historical portents, scant as they are, we may divine something of its nature. Be it said in advance that I write here deliberately from a materialistic point of view and omit every element of the supernatural from my reckoning. Thus we may arrive at something, though perhaps not much: no man can make any safe allowance for the supernatural.

Probably the new religion, though it may not originate there, will take its first grip on mankind in America. Like it or like it not, in America is the focus of all the forces that go to make our world:

This is the happy country, this is she  
Where every citizen would like to be.

And from America have come the first signs of readiness for a new religion. Many years ago William James devoted a section of that golden book, 'The Varieties of Religious Experience,' to an examination of what nowadays we have grown quite accustomed to calling the New or the Higher Thought. He found it to be, speaking roughly, a religion of vague kindliness, which went to absurd lengths of verbosity and muddled thinking in order to explain away the existence of evil in the world. We are all familiar with examples of it. Christian Science, with its denial of the real existence of pain, is a leading example. The works of Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine, author of 'In Tune with the Infinite' (I use the "Mr." because, for all I know, he may be still alive) provide another. The first startling appearance of this school of thought was perhaps that eminent Bostonian lady, Margaret Fuller, who exclaimed, "I accept the universe"; Carlyle, doomed survivor of an earlier epoch, replying grimly, "She'd better."

To put it shortly and crudely, our modern tendency, a curve that seems not yet even to have approached its height, is rather to declare our willingness to accept the universe than to inquire whether, and if so how, the universe will accept us. We can find symptoms of this change in the increasing tolerance of differences of religious opinion, the increasing inclination to deny the reality of eternal punishment or to turn it into some sort of metaphysical torment, and, most important of all, the settled determination to regard evil as only, at worst, the misapplied power of good.

I do not mean that in the attitude of mind thus sketched we have a new religion. We have certainly at all points a revolt against the old religions, and, beyond that, only a solution ready to precipitate a crystal. When the moment of precipitation will come, or what the crystal will be like, no man can tell. I would argue, however, that the moment is probably close at hand (within, say, the next two centuries), and that the crystal must partake of the nature of the solution from which it is precipitated. It will, that is to say, differ radically from Christianity, as that religion was, up to a short time ago, universally understood, in its treatment of the problem of evil. It will, under one form or another, regard evil, not as a positive inimical force to be combated, but as a kink in life which can be straightened out by being under-

stood. We are justified by the historical circumstances in holding this opinion with some firmness, for religions correspond to and satisfy the feelings prevalent in the ages in which they arise. Thus, Christianity arose in a century of unexampled prosperity which was based on chattel-slavery. The prosperity permitted the engendering of many floating beliefs that, directly or by implication, were opposed to the institution of slavery; and in Judæa these crystallized into a religion which at once alleviated the miseries caused by the institution and struck straight at its roots. But, when it had spread irresistibly through the slave population of the Roman Empire and among those free citizens who were disposed to sympathize with the slaves, the world was still hard and harsh enough for Hell and the Devil to seem natural in the scheme of things.

Modern civilization has made and is making the world less harsh and hard. Disease is being mastered, the areas in which famine is possible grow ever smaller, and even in large tracts the fear of poverty is being driven out of sight. Our tendency to-day is to demand a religion which will give us a spiritual world as smooth and convenient as our material world of motor-cars, telephones, and the like. This demand has produced the New Thought, which naturally proliferates most luxuriously in America, where the material world is smoothest: it offers a way out to a spiritual world where all is joy and gladness, where sin exists not. It is not a religion yet, but the moment approaches when all these wandering thoughts and aspirations will be focussed in a single point and will create a new religion to conquer humanity. Alas! for the speculator, who cannot be present to see the new faith, its forms and its creeds, its ceremonies, its vestments and its hierarchies.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### CANADA'S NEED OF POPULATION

[FROM VICTOR CAZALET, M.P.]

TO anyone who has made a tour through the Dominion of Canada, one question remains paramount: Why has the progress of Canada, both in population and wealth, not kept pace with the promises of former years? It is a vast continent with more than sufficient railways, possessing unlimited natural wealth, and yet it is, seemingly, unable to make the progress and advance that it should. The answer is to be found in a variety of reasons: first, the proximity and prosperity of the United States must necessarily act as a magnet, which draws off many who would otherwise settle in Canada. The United States started first, and whatever the opportunities may have been in Canada, there have always been not only similar, but better ones across the border. At the present moment, living in the U.S.A. is cheaper and taxes are lower than in Canada. Secondly, the winter in Canada, with the exception of the Pacific Coast, is a thing that few people wish to experience unless they are obliged to. The very scarcity of population aggravates the conditions of the winter. There is no doubt that women's dread of the long winters does much to prevent people from settling in the central provinces of Canada. Thirdly, at the present moment, what is there for the prospective settler to do in Canada? There are few industries which require more labour; in fact there is unemployment in most of the manufacturing areas; there remains only farming of one kind or another. To make farming a success requires two things—money and knowledge. People who have only one or the other of these can find better use for it elsewhere.

At present the whole of the Federal income tax is spent on subsidizing the national railways. There is only one cure for this, a greater density of population.

It is the same wherever you go, and it does not matter whom you consult, every one will give you the identical answer: "We must have more people." Whether you can blame the Home Government, or the Canadian Governments, Federal and Provincial, for not doing more in this direction, it is difficult to say—all parties are apparently more than willing to assist any sound proposal—but no State scheme can possibly be as effective as the personal appeal. Owing, however, to the difficulties of the last six years, there is, throughout the length and breadth of the country, a natural disinclination to accept the responsibility of advising anyone to come out from the Old Country and try to make a living in Canada. There has been a large percentage of failures in the past. Canada to-day is still suffering from the inflated boom period of 1910 to 1914, while many of her best citizens have not yet recovered from the losses they sustained as a result of the slump which followed. People are shy of putting more money into land, buildings, or industry. The Grand Trunk Railways stand as a warning of what may happen. There is a very natural apprehension that if the tariff between the United States and Canada is reduced any further industries in Canada must necessarily cease to exist.

The outlook for the future is not, perhaps, as gloomy as it would seem from the above observations. In all the large cities there is to-day a feeling that the worst corner has been turned, and that this year for the first time since the war, agriculture, commerce and industry have been put upon a sounder and surer foundation. There were excellent crops last year, and the ramifications of a good harvest are innumerable, reaching into every department of the national life. The results of the Panama Canal are only just beginning to be felt in British Columbia; it is cheaper now to ship goods from the United Kingdom to Vancouver by sea than to bring them by rail across the continent. And Canada still holds the field as the happy hunting ground for thousands of American tourists.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, the Hudson Bay Company, and various other Associations are all working on the problem of migration. The British Government is not only willing, but anxious, to do all it can to foster any scheme put forward by the Federal or the Provincial Governments. Canada prefers immigrants from the British Isles; but if she cannot get them she will have to accept from elsewhere those who are willing to come and who are suitable. No scheme of artificially stimulated emigration will equal the national flow which invariably accompanies a period of prosperity in either country. Given a good harvest for the next few years, there is no reason why the Dominion of Canada should not make the progress that she is entitled to, both by her traditions and her natural resources.

## SONNET

*In Memoriam W. H. B.*

BY EDWARD DAVISON

THE soul outworn that roamed so far afield  
These seventy years will nevermore return  
To light those eyes wherein it used to burn,  
Or scorch the heart its final loss has healed:  
Through some dim outlet by the night revealed  
The escaper slip't and nothing need we mourn  
Of that fair flight unless it be to yearn  
For the Farewell that now he cannot yield.

So some old ship too often tempest-tryed  
Sails within sight of harbour and offshore  
Drops anchor till the dawn; but in her hold  
The beams burst open to the lapping tide  
And there she founders and is seen no more,  
And the sea takes her gems and all her gold.

## THE THEATRE PANTO'S PROGRESS

BY IVOR BROWN

*Cinderella.* By Charles Henry and Gilbert Lofthouse. The Palladium.

*Harlequin Jack Horner.* By Andrew Leigh and Others. The Old Vic.

THAT diligent historian of pantomime, Mr. Willson Disher, gives to the institution rather more than 200 years of life in this country. Pantomime, continually described as dying, is, in fact, the hardest of invalids. The more it is said to be on its last legs the more assuredly does it discover new wings, and Cinderella, like the Phoenix, rises continually from her own ashes. The headquarters of pantomime change; its heart slides into a new cranny of its ageless body, but the heart goes on beating, and, what is more, it beats in time with the Great Heart of the People. The secret of its success is its adaptability. The birds and beasts and man himself must change to live; and pantomime has survived, and will survive, because its structure is not rigid and its makers are not pedants. They know the signposts of their times and follow the rolling English road.

The strength of pantomime has been that it had no strength: it is simply a mould which takes the impression of its time. Art-forms that are rigid are cast aside when the world becomes too clever or too stupid to enjoy them, when taste goes sharply forward, or when it doubles back upon its tracks. But pantomime endures with the dreadful tenacity of a jelly. Its surface took the impress of Italian buffoonery and of eighteenth-century airs and graces. In the age of English classicism it became a clown's dictionary of classical mythology. Harlequin Orpheus jostled Columbine Andromeda. Then came pantomime as topographical revue: 'The Wonder of Derbyshire, or Harlequin in the Peak,' 'Penmaenmawr, or the Wonder of Wales,' were typical of Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells about 1780. The romantic revival sent our poets seeking fancies from flower-bells, and a larger public seeking fun from fairy-tales. Thus, during the succeeding century, pantomime reflected a renewed interest in Sinbad and Cinders, Bagdad and Beanstalks, Red Riding Hood and Highgate Hill. The old heroes and heroines, who had been dangling on strings in street-corner puppet-shows, were recovered from this state of suspended animation; they came back to be the new gods of Old Drury, and took flesh in generous form with the aid of such divas of the Lane as Miss Harriet Vernon.

Public entertainment at the close of the nineteenth century was dominated by the music-hall, and pantomime, impressionable as ever, took on the stamp of the street-corner types. The fairy lamps on Cinderella's coach were out-shone by Bardolphian noses radiant amid widow's clothing. The lore of the gin-palace, pawnshop, and lodging-house was grafted in fullness of actuality upon the tender stem of fairy-tale. The music-hall was realistic, while the Harlequinade was fantastic. Since the music-hall and realism ruled, Joey and Pantaloon, the heirs of a tradition gone stale, were beaten out of the field by Twankey and the broker's men, the heirs of the new invention. Under the long and strong consulships of Leno and Campbell the new order reached the climax of its strength.

With the alteration of taste and technique in vaudeville, pantomime, that meek and malleable creature, lived on to play Vicar of Bray to the new king. It thinks less of Wapping now and more of Hawaii. Says my programme of the Palladium Cinderella: "Ukaleles supplied and taught by Alvin D. Keech and George Hughes"; and Miss Clarice Mayne will songfully impress upon young London the reassuring statement that, "if you like a ukalele lady, a ukalele lady likes you." The Harlequin Orpheus of the eigh-

teenth century has become Harlequin Savoy Orphean of the twentieth. In matters of decoration pantomime is not too old to learn. The simple line and bright, clean tints at the Palladium are in the strongest contrast to the Victorian splendours of tinsel. The hideous proliferation of gew-gaws with which Drury Lane used annually to surpass itself has been replaced by a straightforward exhibition of primary colours. The transformation scene has been transformed.

Thus pantomime has accommodated itself to present needs by establishing connexion with revue. There is still, it should be said, plenty left for the children, and in this year's show at the Palladium the clown is well represented. Mr. Charles Austin, as a mature and massive Buttons who could gobble up the Baron and still feel empty, brings his clouds of glory from the music-hall. He applies his mind to the dizzy calculations of the football coupon, but he applies it also to the business of extracting enormous laughter from diminutive bodies. Together with the Baron he executes a burglary, in which the audience is a vociferous accomplice. As soon as the policeman appears the children are to shout a warning; and, as the copper keeps coming and going with obliging suddenness, the Palladium becomes a colossal choir of treble voices screaming in frenzy of hopes and fears. You may say that Barrie began this business of appeal to the piping populace. It was my impression that young minds were distinctly more responsive to the clown and copper than they usually are to the moribundity of Peter's ghostly guardian. This, in short, is a very good pantomime, mingling the best of many worlds. Messrs. Naughton and Gold belabour each other with a conviction which is denied to the big-money men of the modern prize-ring, but which burns bright as Yule log in the unconquerable spirits of pantomime broker's men. Miss Clarice Mayne is no less than her title of Prince Charming, Miss Lennie Deane is a pleasant Cinderella, and Miss Cherry Hardy, whom I last saw as one of Wycherley's strumpets, emerges as a Good Fairy in whose mouth butter would never even incline to the melting mood.

Pantomime can be kept vigorous by being made new, as at the Palladium, and by importation of such musical instruments as are now considered most seemly to those who cannot sit still after dinner. Another way of going forward is to go right back, and this has been done at the Old Vic. by Mr. Andrew Leigh. He has turned to the eighteenth-century convention for his title and to the nursery rhyme-book for his theme. Moreover, the use of Harlequin is not limited to the title. Young Horner passes from pie-and-plum adventures to enjoy a final translation into Harlequin's traditional uniform, and the other characters are similarly able to slough away one skin and reappear as the old fantastics of that street of adventure in which ruses, captures, escapes, sausages, and red-hot pokers are in constant motion. Revivals of the old mode are often tainted with pretentious affectations, and are only too obviously the supercilious creation of those who hate their fellows. But no height of brow menaced Mr. Leigh's gay and simple fun; no artifice of the "quaint, old" cult threw a shadow over the antics of the rhyme-book familiars or over Joey and his contacts with the law. A helping of sausage now and again does pantomime no harm, and the Old Vic.'s presentation of Master Horner was valuable for showing what diverting clothes may still be spun with the oldest kind of yarn; and cheaply spun, brains being more than brilliants in the preparation of Christmastide regalia. So pantomime will continue to be shaped, receiving and returning the impress of age or the mould of antiquarian revivalist. Never having possessed a mind of its own it cannot die of disappointment; being without backbone it cannot finally collapse. Indeed, the history of its twists and turns and escapes from the destroying heel of Time suggests for forms of entertainment the vast importance of being invertebrate.

## ART

### THE COURTAULD COLLECTION

By ANTHONY BERTRAM

THE Directors of the National Gallery (Millbank) have gathered into one of the Turner Rooms the pictures bought out of the Courtauld Fund. This is, of course, only a temporary housing, but it is hoped that the new wing for modern foreign art will be opened in the late spring, when the pictures will be very much better displayed.

We are able, however, to form an excellent idea of the quality of the collection even in the present small room, the large Seurat being the only picture which seriously suffers from lack of space and the obstruction of the Turner water-colour case. This work, 'La Baignade,' has been hanging for some time in the Blake Room, and is already familiar to many visitors to the Tate. It is a masterly decoration, exquisitely balanced in tone, and, in spite of its rigid simplification, satisfactory in structure. One might wish for a little notice to have been taken of the skeleton under the flesh. The figures are, as a certain distinguished painter said, rather like blown bladders. Yet it may be due to this apparent defect that the picture gives so soft and restful an impression.

Cézanne is represented by two works, one of which was exhibited at the Independent Gallery last spring, and the other at the Leicester Galleries in the Cézanne Show. Degas's 'Jeunes Spartiates s'exerçant à la Lutte' is another picture already well known. It was shown in 1923 at the Goupil Gallery and has been at the Tate for some time. This is an unsatisfactory work for the collection because it is not "typical" Degas, and until we are very much richer in modern French work our purchases, one feels, should be confined to the best and most characteristic works. 'Miss Lola at the Cirque Fernando' is a very different matter. Though not in Degas's latest style, it "belongs" to him most essentially. Miss Lola, in lilac tights trimmed with gold, hangs by her teeth from the orange-red and olive-green ceiling of the Cirque; her body echoes the pattern of the background, thus preserving the unity of the picture, yet, by sheer mastery of technique, produces a dizzy sense of suspension. M. Bonnard's 'La Table' seems, at first, somewhat loose in handling, but after a long scrutiny reveals amazing qualities of almost stereoscopic projection and rich colour pattern.

There are two Renoirs, 'Nu dans L'eau,' in which the lovely flesh quality is also the sole appeal, and 'La Première Sortie,' one of the most beautiful of Renoirs, and one most vividly remembered from the Knoedler's Gallery Show in 1923. The exquisite design created out of the curves of the side of the box, of the girl's back and breast and hat, and the rigid struts, as it were, of the distant galleries, is particularly remarkable.

Manet's 'La Servante des Bocks' and M. Monet's 'Plage de Trouville' are well-known pictures which require no comment. Camille Pissarro's 'Boulevard des Italiens: Effet de Nuit' is a picture of great interest not only for its artistic worth, but also as the sole night effect ever painted by this master of effects. His brother-Impressionist, Sisley, is admirably represented by the tender and silent snow scene, 'L'Abreuvoir'; as well represented is M. Maurice Utrillo by 'Rue du Tertre,' a sad winter scene, where the solitude and peace are emphasized by the two quiet figures that gossip in the middle of the street, just as the strident bell of a Bruges tram emphasizes the silence of Bruges. The three remaining pictures in the collection are by Van Gogh, 'Landscape with Cypress Trees,' 'The Yellow Chair' and 'Sunflowers.' The two latter were exhibited at the Leicester Gallery Show in 1923, and the first has been on show at the Tate for a considerable time.

## PEDLAR'S PACK

THE death of George Herbert Mair deprives Fleet Street of a singularly gracious and charming personality. A man of considerable intellectual attainments, he was never perhaps in the position to command the full recognition to which he was entitled. He might have been widely known as an author; he preferred to remain a journalist. The devotion to the trivial round and common task which this entailed dissipated much of his energies. Nevertheless, he brought to journalism the same fastidiousness of taste and high level of accomplishment which he would, in happier circumstances, have given to literature. If (as sometimes happened) he was a severe critic, it arose out of his impatience with the second-best. No one was more quick to appreciate talent, in whatever quarter it was to be found.

It would be impossible to convey any idea of the charm of his conversation, while his capacity for work was almost miraculous. I remember an occasion at which he was present at a dance in a London club. He threw himself whole-heartedly into the gaiety of the evening, and it was not till about four o'clock on the following morning that he remarked to me, "Well, I must go. I've a column of theatrical criticism to do for the *Evening Standard* and some paragraphs for the *Londoner's Diary*. And it's all got to be in before eleven." It was, too. Of the extent to which this feverish activity contributed towards his end I am unable to say. All I know is that I, in common with many, have lost a friend whose memory will always be an inspiration.

A great deal of attention is being paid to the floods, but less notice has been directed to the flood of literature which threatens to overwhelm the country. Of the record number of 13,202 new books published during 1925, how many made a profit for the publishers, how many a profit for the authors? When I read these figures I am sorry for the many hopeless-hopefuls who spend months of labour writing worthless books, and often make considerable payments to get them published. Why do they do it? Partly, no doubt, out of vanity, but largely because they are encouraged thereto by the less reputable kind of literary agent, and by worthless "schools of journalism." If the sort of literary aspirant I have in mind could see the way his, or more often her, work is handled by these agents, as those inside newspaper and publishers' offices, see, he or she would possibly show less enthusiasm for entrusting work to such persons. As for some so-called schools of journalism, the story that appeared in an evening newspaper the other day, of a journalist who submitted to one of these schools several articles he had previously had accepted by the Press and received an answer saying that these were unsuitable, but that if he would take their course, etc., should enlighten the amateur. The only school of journalism is Fleet Street.

A composite poster now adorning the walls of the Underground contains a blunder one would hardly expect anyone claiming an interest in London's history to perpetrate. The poster is called 'The Panorama of London,' and the third picture is alleged to represent Old St. Paul's in 1666. It shows a cathedral with rounded Norman windows to the choir instead of pointed Gothic, tall lancets where Hollar's contemporary engraving shows the ugly transept front culminating in a round window—this was Inigo Jones's mischief—and, most blatant error of all, a great spire crowning it. Unless the artist worked entirely from his own imagination it is hard to guess how he could

have consulted a single book or picture without learning that the cathedral was then and had been for a hundred-and-five years spireless, ever since the old wooden spire was struck by lightning in the great storm of 1561 and collapsed in a burning mass which destroyed the whole roof. As it happens Hollar's careful engravings give us an uncommonly good idea of what Old St. Paul's looked like, inside and out, at that time. The tube posters are among the things that visitors to London remember; they are as good modern art as the mass of the people have an opportunity to see, but half their value in educating the Londoner will be lost if the Underground do not give more attention to their accuracy.

The blind who allow themselves to be led by Dean Inge will find little encouragement in his latest pronouncement. To the question, "Is England Done?" he would apparently offer an emphatic affirmative. His eyes are closed to all virtue in the rising generation. He finds it is "not strenuous and not ambitious." Young people want, according to the Dean, to have a good time, "loafing, dancing, play-going, and philandering." Well, well. Almost simultaneously, Dr. Cyril Norwood, who has had, perhaps, a wider opportunity of judging than the worthy Dean, tells us that the youth of to-day is an excellent fellow, better than his father. Which are we to believe? Dean Inge foresees nothing but "grinding poverty, constant anxiety, and an old age not far removed from destitution" as the future lot of the professional classes. It is evidently going to be a gloomy time for deans.

Why do cyclists so furiously rage together whenever anyone innocently suggests that they should protect their lives by having red discs on the rear of their machines? According to their argument, it is the business of the approaching vehicle to avoid them, but that knowledge can be of little consolation to them if they are run down. Those who have occasion to motor at night know how hard it is at times to see cyclists without rear lights—for example, when half-blinded by the headlights of a passing car, or when rain blurs the wind-screen and makes observation on the left of the driver extremely difficult. Red discs are quite inexpensive, are easily adjusted, and when once adjusted need no attention. Where is the reason in this determined resistance to the adoption of what seems to others a simple measure of self-preservation?

TALLYMAN

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- ¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.
- ¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

## PLAN TO REVIVE BRITISH INDUSTRY

SIR,—Nothing is more certain than the fact that the revival of British industry is dependent, first and foremost, upon the increase in the purchasing power of the mass of our people.

Where is this increased purchasing power to come from? Are we likely to wake up some morning and find that the money in our pockets has doubled? It seems hardly probable and "new" money must therefore be issued by either the banks or the Government. But the banks do not lend money to "consumers"

and if the Government issues new money in the form of currency notes, such money forms the basis of increased bank credit and inevitable "inflation." This inflation being due, not to the increased currency but to the pinnacle of credit which it supports. Credit which totals more than twenty times the increase in bank reserves. Hence the deadlock which brings stagnation to our industries and produces the extraordinary spectacle of men, machinery and raw material lying idle because there is no financial demand for the product.

There is a way out, so simple as to have largely escaped the attention of our financial experts. Bank credit, which forms the very life blood of industry, may be divided into two distinct classes. First: Advances to producers which increase the stock of goods for sale, provide more work and wages, and tend to lower prices, and second: Advances to dealers in goods and securities which decrease the stock of goods for actual sale, provide no employment, and tend to increase prices.

By varying the nature of bank credits, without varying their volume, the price-level may be raised or lowered at the will of the banks. If the banks granted increased credits to producers and steadily withdrew them from dealers they would initiate a steady fall in prices which, under present conditions, would be disastrous to industry. If, however, the Government were to balance this fall by the issue of currency note for the finance of public works at such a rate as would maintain prices upon a steady basis, we should attain the desired effect of an increase in our national purchasing power without any inflation of currency or increase in prices.

The purpose of the National Currency League is to urge upon the authorities concerned that we should issue credits to producers; restrict the issue to dealers; balance the resulting fall in prices by increased currency and thus bring unceasing prosperity to all who are prepared to work and thus add their quota to our national production. We plead for the support of those who realize the necessity of propaganda upon these lines and inquiries would be welcomed by the undersigned.

I am, etc.,

DONALD M. FRASER,

Secretary, National Currency League

78 Queen Street, Edinburgh

#### RIMA

SIR,—Amelia Defries is mistaken in supposing that I am unaware of the platitude that every nation owes much to foreign influences in Art and Literature; each nation, however, should only assimilate such influences as are sympathetic to its own genius. I contend that Rima is alien to English traditions, and is an atavistic return to Assyrian sculpture. I decline to follow your correspondent into personalities, or into a discussion on the other irrelevant statements in her letter.

I am, etc.,

JOSHUA BROOKES

Messrs. John Horn, Ltd., have sent us a copy of their recent publication, 'The Debutante and Court Illustrated' (£3 3s. net). The subject hardly lends itself to elaboration, but Mr. James Mackenzie has written a preface in which he outlines the evolution of the Drawing-room, introducing stories from various sources which give some idea of the differing atmosphere of the Court under different sovereigns. This preface is followed by photographs of the debutantes and their mothers or sponsors at the four Courts held by Their Majesties in 1925. The book will doubtless amuse many of those who appear in its pages, and as a souvenir it is quite attractive.

## REVIEWS

### MR. CHESTERTON'S SUBJECTS

By EDWARD SHANKS

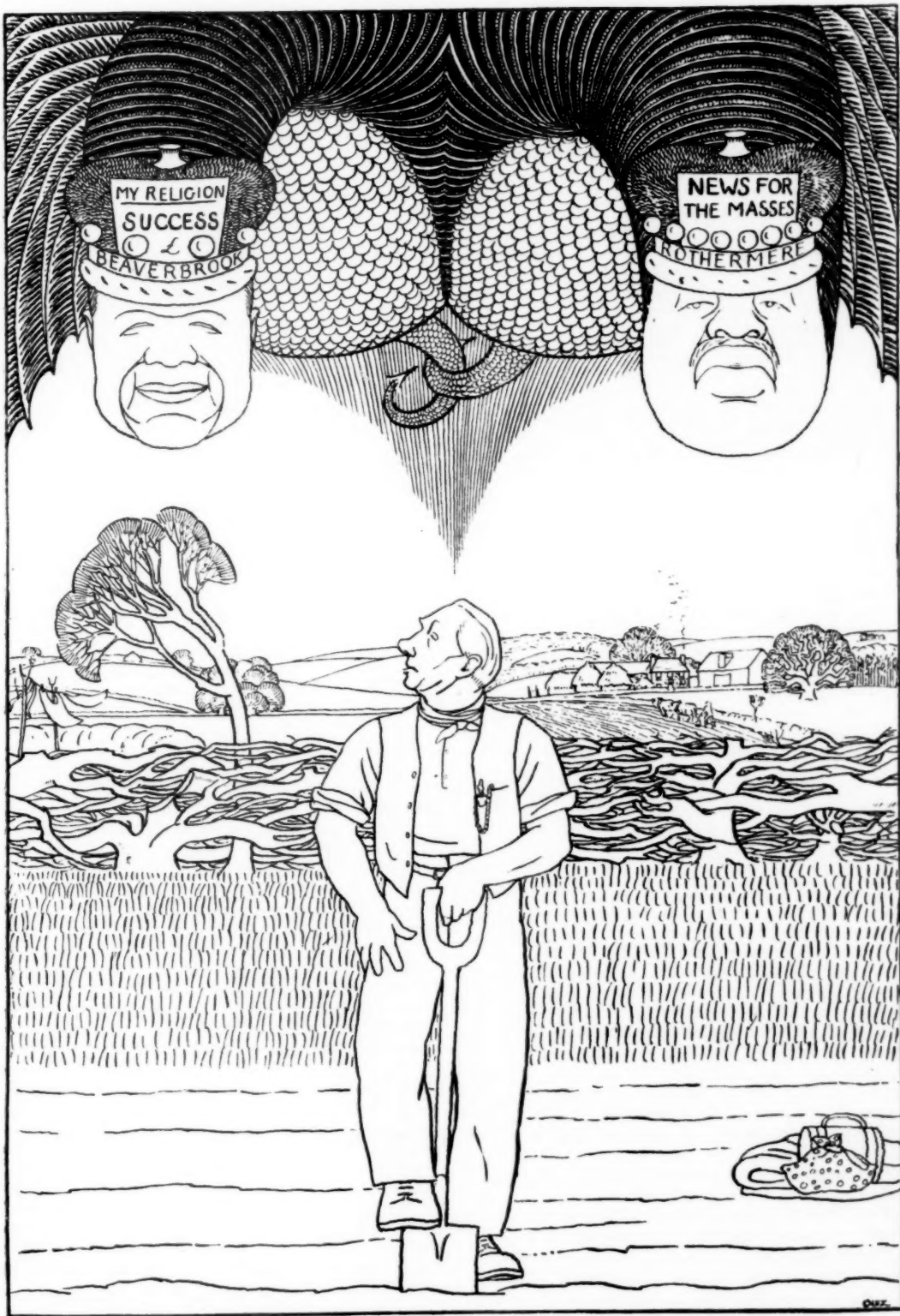
Cobbett. By G. K. Chesterton. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s. net.

MR. CHESTERTON'S new book is interesting not only in itself but as the first of a new series which he seems to have taken in hand. The series is called 'Intimate Biographies'; and the persons already proposed for future treatment are Savonarola, R. L. Stevenson and Napoleon. Fine mixed feeding, to be sure—but perhaps there is no other living author to whom we should look with so much confidence for an equally interesting treatment of these four dissimilar creatures. And since Mr. Chesterton has contributed so much of his best work to other people's series, his 'Robert Browning' to one, his 'G. F. Watts' to another, his 'St. Francis of Assisi' to a third, why should he not set up in business for himself?

One is impelled by that question to go on and ask another, which is: What else should he do? For among the successful and influential authors of to-day he occupies a peculiar place. I once heard him described in conversation as "an overgrown intellectual suburb of Mr. Belloc." The gibe is ferociously unjust, but it has a taste of truth in it and it represents what many persons would say of him, if only they could talk as well as George Mair. Mair did not mean what he said, but he captured in a phrase something we must not overlook in Mr. Chesterton. No doubt everything Mr. Chesterton has ever said was implicit in the schoolboy at St. Paul's, or at any rate later in the young man in the publisher's office, certainly in the *Daily News* reviewer and essayist. But his intuitive idea of man and the world, and especially of the history of the two in conjunction, was supported, was given body, by Mr. Belloc. There is a famous cartoon by Mr. Max Beerbohm in which Mr. Belloc, foot on bench and mug in hand, is stated to be endeavouring to wean a dubious Mr. Chesterton from the errors of Geneva. I think Mr. Beerbohm's vision of the two men in the drawing was accurate; but the inscription beneath shows that he only imperfectly overheard their conversation. Mr. Belloc was in fact only enthusiastically supplying facts in proof of ideas, the truth of which Mr. Chesterton knew already.

The fact is that what Mr. Chesterton has to say, a body of doctrine growing ever more consistent and coherent, and completed, perhaps, by his 'version' (I dare use no stronger word) to the Roman Church, is drawn from within himself and is only fortified, or, to speak more accurately, illustrated, by what he observes outside himself. His theme is really Man, not this man or that, not even this or that collection of men. Even when he deals with an eccentric specimen, there is constant reference back to the normal standard. What is common to all men (so runs, I think, his golden rule) is more important than what distinguishes the individual man, and he is most interested in what seems to him most important. It follows that when one looks around for suitable subjects for him, subjects on which one would like him to write, one is confronted with the dilemma: Everything or nothing. The theme is in itself so huge and so vague that it seems impossible to find a containing form for it. And, that being so, one concrete subject is as good as another. Stevenson or Napoleon, what difference can it make? Mr. Chesterton will be as interesting and exciting on, will get as much of himself into, the one topic as the other.

There have been, to be sure, men with approximations to his own doctrine who seem to make better vehicles than the rest. Cobbett is one of these; but



Dramatis Personæ. No. 185.

By 'Quix.'

# MR. BALDWIN HEARS VOICES

he is only a vehicle. That sturdy, wrong-headed, violent, eloquent man would, indeed, have been as much beloved by Mr. Chesterton, had they met in the flesh, as he is as a figure of literature and history, for Mr. Chesterton has a way of appreciating full and sturdy character wherever he finds it. But he is here the text for a discourse on the author's own philosophy. He was a real man, but he is become a symbol. That in life he was symbolic makes him so much the better for the purpose.

There is more to be said of Cobbett than Mr. Chesterton tells us. His actions, recorded in profusion by himself as well as by others, lend themselves to criticism. But, though pedants may criticize, Mr. Chesterton has extracted at any rate what was essential to his own purpose. And Cobbett is at any rate a suitable subject for that smiting Chestertonian rhetoric, which really has helped to change modern ideas. Thus, on his second return from America:

On the first occasion he had returned to receive what truly might be called a royal welcome; a royal welcome from Royalists. He had come back to be toasted by the gentlemen of England, talking over their wine of his services to the Tory cause, of the blows that their loyal yeoman could deal at Boney and the Yanks. He had come back the second time, the demagogue of a darker hour, to meet a roar of angry admiration from the strikers and frame-breakers of the smoky North as well as the potential rick-burners of the agrarian war; the Titan of the English Revolution. At least, if any man could have made an English revolution; if any hour in our history could really have been revolutionary, the hour was come and the man.

In this fine passage Mr. Chesterton, I think, exaggerates Cobbett's importance, makes him bulk larger in the political scene than he actually did. The statesmen of that hour did not sway trembling together, and tell one another, through ashen lips, that Cobbett was home again from America and in angry mood.

But such a criticism is behind the point. It is equally beside the point to try to persuade Mr. Chesterton (as Mr. Coulton and others have done) that England was not unrelievedly Merrie during the Middle Ages. Generations of lawyers have, with varying degrees of politeness, informed Jean Jacques Rousseau that the Social Contract was not in fact ever drawn up, that the primeval savage wallowed in despotism and the abnegation of all rights. The idea behind the "Contrat Social" remains untouched, whatever Sir Henry Maine may think of it and whatever anyone else may, on its merits, think of it. You may dislike the idea, but you do not invalidate it by showing that government did not, historically speaking, arise in this manner.

So with Mr. Chesterton's Merrie England. His Middle Ages are on a level with Rousseau's noble and far-seeing savage. At that time the common man lived a short, dull and painful life under insanitary conditions. He was oppressed and repressed: by modern standards he was anything but merry. All that, however, has nothing to do with Mr. Chesterton's vision of what he should have been and what we now should be. Mr. Chesterton might perhaps defend his position by saying that in the Middle Ages we had advanced a short way in the right direction and that now we have advanced a long way in the wrong direction. On that ground it may be possible to argue with him, but, whatever subject he chooses to write on, no one will advance his cause by arguing with him about facts.

### THE DOWNFALL OF RUSSIA

*An Ambassador's Memoirs.* Vol. III. By Maurice Paléologue. Hutchinson. 18s. net.

**T**RAGEDY is such a maltreated word that one avoids using it when an alternative exists; but it is a tragedy in the full Shakespearean sense that M. Paléologue handles in the third and final volume of his reminiscences as French Ambassador at the Court

of Russia. The conduct of the amiable but mediocre Emperor, whose inferiority-complex made him stubbornly refuse the advice of men and women who could see only too clearly what disasters Russia was heading for, is shown more clearly than ever to have been the fundamental cause of the Revolution. If any one man was responsible for the catastrophe, it was not Kerensky, nor Lenin, nor even Rasputin, but Nicholas II himself. This was the state of things with him in the first week of 1917:

The moment I entered, I was struck by the Emperor's tired look and his anxious and absorbed expression. "I asked Your Majesty to receive me," I said, "because I have always received great encouragement from you, and I need encouragement very badly to-day." He answered in a dead, dull voice, which I had never heard before: "I am still ruthlessly determined to continue the war until victory, decisive and complete victory. . . ." The conversation feebly dragged on. I did not succeed in fixing either the Emperor's eyes or attention; we seemed to be a thousand miles from each other. Then I resorted to the great argument I have always found so effective in opening the gates of his mind: I invoked the memory of his father, Alexander III, whose portrait hung above us as we talked: "You have often told me, Sire, that at difficult moments you have appealed to your beloved father and never appealed in vain. May his noble spirit inspire you now! The situation is so serious!" "Yes, my father's memory is a great help to me."

M. Paléologue, shrewd and well-informed, stresses in almost every entry the atmosphere of imminent disaster which overhung Russia in the final months of 1916 and the beginning of the fatal succeeding year. The attempts which were made to save the situation were few and ineffective: only in the murder of Rasputin was any courage or decision shown, and that came too late to be of use; in fact, if anything, it made things worse. Intentionally or not, M. Paléologue gives the impression that almost down to the last moment a single man of calibre might have saved Tsarism: everyone except the sovereigns recognized the peril, but no one faced it. To the French Ambassador, naturally, the alarming disorganization and unrest, the first significant manifestation of which occurred on October 31, 1916 (when troops called out to restore order fired on the police instead), was an exceedingly serious matter, not so much for Russia's sake as for the war's. He was in the awkward situation of being debarred as Ambassador from meddling with the internal affairs of the country, and yet, as the representative of invaded France, forced to strain every nerve to counteract the defeatist and anarchical elements which were sapping the strength of her ally. The poor spirit and facile resignation of even the most satisfactory Ministers was another complication, and the obstinacy of the General Staff, which might have awakened the Emperor in time, was a third.

For the general reader M. Paléologue's eventful pages will have no less fascination than for the historian, and much will be done towards curing the present ridiculously exaggerated pessimism about Britain's future if this faithful account of the condition a country has to get into before it suffers collapse and Communism is widely read. If, like the two preceding volumes, it runs to four or five editions, the publishers will be well advised to have the proofs re-read at once. Misprints are exasperatingly plentiful: "hoard" for "horde," "unprompted," "formally" for "formerly," "Pokrovski" for "Protopopov," and countless similar annoyances which detract both from the reader's enjoyment and from the general excellence of Mr. Holt's English translation.

### CHIAROSCURO

*Mainly About Other People.* By Sidney Dark. Hodder and Stoughton. 16s. net.

**T**HERE is only one expectation of the many aroused by its authorship that this agreeable volume of reminiscences will disappoint: it denies us any explana-

tion of Mr. Dark's migration from the secular to the ecclesiastical quarter of Fleet Street. Of himself it tells us, indeed, not very much, though it is both informative and entertaining in its brief dealings with the odd and remarkable senior members of his family. Mr. Dark's great-uncle, James Henry Dark, was proprietor of Lord's Cricket Ground from 1835 to 1864, when he sold the lease to the Marylebone Cricket Club. His maternal great-grandfather has his little place in the civic history of London as the inventor of the water-cart. His grandfather was the once well-known maker of cricket-bats, a business with which the family is still associated. But what attracts us to these financiers of sport, makers of sports goods, dust contractors, and their relations is not their mild and fading celebrity but their marked individuality. Mr. Dark, who has no solemn intentions, has given us yet another text for a melancholy discourse on the decline among us of strong idiosyncrasy, the decrease among us of "characters."

Though Mr. Dark's professional connexion with the stage was not of long duration, he remained for many years as a theatrical journalist or as the friend of certain actors and actresses, in close touch with the theatre, and most of his best stories are from the lips of actors. We shall cherish the anecdote of the actor who, disgusted with present conditions, described himself as belonging to the reign of Wyndham and Mary, and of that other old mummer who, cast for some rôle in a modern Oriental spectacle, said he was no longer acting, but merely being paid for being breathed on by camels. We like also the comment of the late Miss Marie Lloyd, when Colonel Newnham Davis introduced Mr. Dark to her as the man who had compared her on terms of equality with Yvette Guilbert. "Oh, chase me," said Our Lady of Laughter, who was so great and so unconscious an artist. But there are excellent journalistic stories too—the story of the American dismissed from the *Daily Mail* who told Kennedy Jones that the paper would be sorry, and, being petulantly asked why, replied because he had drawn his money and every safe in the office had an I.O.U. from him in it; the story of George Bull replying to his News Editor's complaint that he hadn't seen him for days, "And you wouldn't have seen me now if I had seen you first"; the defence made by Mr. Charles Hands to a complaint about his copy, "But you should see my bill of expenses."

Now and then Mr. Dark's great amiability lays him open to a charge of writing the kind of tribute which Mr. Belloc's diarist produced when she summed up some celebrity as, "He was what I call a good man." But he can be shrewd enough, as witness his treatment of President Wilson and his dry remark on Mr. Lloyd George's geniality and his hint at what distinguishes Mr. E. V. Lucas from the author of his books.

### CHURCH AND PEOPLE

*Christianity in Politics.* By H. W. Fox. With a Preface by H. R. L. Sheppard. Murray. 5s. net.

*The Nation and the Church.* By Bertram Pollock, Bishop of Norwich. Murray. 5s. net.

IT has never been more lamentably obvious that the collapse of the medieval Papacy was the greatest disaster in the world's history. Since the break-up of the sixteenth century the world has been left without moral leadership and without an international court of conscience. The sixteenth-century settlement left us speechless, for it turned the old idea of the Church-State, sovereign above all positive law and sovereignty, into a number of national State-Churches, in which the State was distinctly senior partner. There

was no room left for the notion that the Church was charged with a moral or political mission, or for any impact on the State's policy. Elizabeth's Prayer Book never sounds the note of social aspiration or endeavour. To govern was the affair of the Government. The Church's task was to pray for its success, and to bring salvation to individual souls. The idea that the Church should influence policy, or concern itself with international contacts or the challenge of social amelioration, was utterly foreign to the times, and remained so until Kingsley and F. D. Maurice proclaimed the gospel of Christian Socialism. That was, very largely, inevitable in the circumstances of the times. On all hands now it would be a confessed anachronism. The new franchise and the new democracy, both in the nation and the Church, have made this separation intolerable. But to-day, if men look to the Church for moral leadership, where exactly should they expect to find it? The Church, as Mr. Fox rightly pleads, must be understood in the widest possible sense; but it has no authorized and acknowledged spokesman, no corporate and official attitude to the vexed moral issues of the day. Yet no enlightened conscience can acquiesce in the separation of "secular" and "religious" into two independent spheres of life. That we have too much allowed that to happen, and left our public affairs to political realism, while acknowledging Christian sanctions as individuals, is what has brought us to our present pass.

We meet here the old problem, which has haunted Europe ever since St. Augustine, of the two Cities, the two societies, and the relationship between them. If, as the author pleads in this book—and all men of goodwill will agree with him—we refuse to allow public morality to be handed over entire to the earthly city, how is the Church, as such, to control this sphere? "Give Christianity a chance," we say; but who is to "get God into the Constitution," as the late Mr. Bryan threatened to do, and who is to say what is the Christian attitude to most of the problems of the hour? There is hardly a single clear-cut issue in which it is absolutely certain which policy is the truly Christian policy. Any sort of theocratic rule is inconceivable in the modern age. Are we, then, to hope that Christian people in their private and personal capacity will gradually be able to act as leaven on that Public Opinion which is the real sovereign, or can the Church *quâ* Church make its voice heard? Mr. Fox urges Christian people to remember their double obligation as citizens at once of both cities, and to rule their official and public activities by the standards of the *Civitas Dei*. He also makes two practical suggestions: First, the erection of a central Council representing all Christian interests, which should be, unlike C.O.P.E.C., an official body able to speak on behalf of the Churches, and should have a research bureau and secretariat to deal with problems of real intricacy and formulate Christian opinion on them. This plan has worked effectively in America, and the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches is cited as an encouraging example of what such a body can achieve along one line of social amelioration. Secondly, he would ask the League of Nations to appoint an official commission on religious co-operation, which might not only give the League a soul, but also supply under our changed conditions some kind of moral and spiritual substitute for the "most splendid failure in history." Mr. Sheppard, of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, commends the book warmly in a preface.

'Church and Nation' is an episcopal "Charge" written by the Bishop of Norwich for delivery at his Visitation, which has, however, not yet occurred. The Bishop has some weighty things to say about the relationship of Church and State and the gain to both of continuing the Establishment. His clergy, we gather, "will hear it by and by."

## KU KLUX KLIPPINGS

*Americana.* By H. L. Mencken. Martin Hopkinson. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. H. L. MENCKEN, who is the editor of the *American Mercury*, collects every month with the aid of numerous correspondents what might be called the voices of Main Street, and a comprehensive gramophone record of the utterance is now provided by this book. Mr. Mencken justifies this method of collection by pointing out the use to students of history that may be gained from the impromptu declarations of the prophets and sorcerers who lead the American nation. His book, he claims, "drips with the juices of Kiwanis, the American Legion, the Ku Klux, Rotary, the Mystic Shrine, the Elks, the Sons of the Revolution and the Y.M.C.A. It is a genuine home-brew."

Naturally there is entertainment to be derived from so much richness and the amassing of these tit-bits is at once instructive and entertaining. On the other hand, an American might fairly question the justice of this selective method. For what Mr. Mencken's associates are doing is to cut from their morning's or evening's paper any extremity of stupidity, intolerance, or humbug which happens to issue from the pulpit, the Klan in Conference, or the editorial chair. If the same process were to be applied to our own country and a volume of 'Britannica' were to be compiled on this model, it is plain that comprehensive researches in the more remote reaches of our local Press might easily produce absurdities of a similar order. It would not be fair to compose a portrait of John Bull by the features so selected, and we may therefore reserve the liberty of doubting whether Mr. Mencken is being fair to the great country which he adorns and castigates. But whatever we may happen to think about the sociological value of Mr. Mencken's news-clipping agency, there can be no doubt at all about its comic potentialities. Mr. Mencken is an inspired sub-editor of the ridiculous cuttings which come to him. He never fails to discover the right heading for each item, and at the end of his book he takes his readers on a personally conducted tour of the United States, and nobody could assume the guide's office and execute its functions with greater pith or point.

## THE MEDIEVAL PEASANT

*The Medieval Village.* By G. G. Coulton. Cambridge University Press. 25s. net.

IT would not, perhaps, be unfair to Mr. Coulton to suggest that his purpose in compiling this prodigiously "documented" and scholarly work was to blast the popular conception of "Merrie England," concerning which modern writers, according to his amply supported evidence, continue to repeat one another's mistakes. The average educated man, especially when he holds the sentimental political opinions, usually sighs, on behalf of English peasantry, for a happier, cleaner past, when the world was younger and the succession of Faith less protracted, and when simple people found a homely and an every-day application for their religion. There is, indeed, a note of defiance in Mr. Coulton's book, a certain masterful and dignified delight in contradiction which is probably necessary in view of the extremely widespread nature of erroneous beliefs. The part played by the Church in medieval history was seldom more humane than the part played by the average noble: and this fact has naturally caused the way of inquiry to be blocked by the propagandism of the strongest "vested interest" the world has ever known.

Mr. Coulton points out in his Preface that hitherto the public has often been misled by past historians' approach to their subject. "We have all learnt, by this time," he writes, "how absurd it would be to describe ancient Jewish society in the bare light of the Levitical

regulations and of the hortatory chapters in Isaiah." That this is a fair analogy for the past teaching of the social history of Europe he proceeds to prove: indeed, his fairness, in the light of his obvious preferences, is explicit throughout:

What is wrong with the present peasant's position must be laid at the door of all classes of society, not excluding the peasant class itself; it must be charged to men of all creeds, from the Roman Catholic to the Agnostic. If any one class or party had consistently acted after the standard which all revile others for neglecting, then the peasant would be in a very different position to-day.

The fairness of Mr. Coulton's method is well illustrated by an inquiry into the peasant's food, in the course of which he quotes a writer of 1550 as saying: "Even in my father's recollection, the country folk ate far better than now"—giving details. Mr. Coulton then proceeds:

It is notorious, of course, that old writers are least to be trusted when they describe their fathers' days in contrast to their own; but a passage like this cannot be ruled out altogether. We must compare it with what other witnesses tell us, generalizing from their different points of view.

In his endeavour to display the individual outlook Mr. Coulton has naturally discovered much that is picturesque and amusing. For instance:

Let your ploughman be no melancholy or wrathful man, but merry, joyful, given to song, that the oxen may take their delight in his chants and melodies. . . . Let him love them, and sleep with them at night; let him tickle them, curry them, rub them down, and keep them well at all points. . . . It is well also to rub the oxen twice daily with a wisp of straw, that they may lick themselves with more affection.

In a footnote he quotes Archbishop Peckham's 'Letters' in a way which shows that fools, besides historians, repeat one another: "There is a thirteenth-century story which anticipates the famous French princess of the *Ancien Régime*: I have heard that a certain lady, seeing the poor in time of famine picking grass in the fields to eat, said, 'Can they not eat bacon and peas?' One man replied, 'They could if they had it.'"

## PHOTOGRAPHING BIG GAME

*Through Wildest Africa.* By F. Ratcliffe. Bles. 16s. net.

IN Africa, it seems, wild-beast photographers must be more plentiful now than the wild beasts themselves; they lurk under every bush and buzz round the big game like gadflies, till the whirring of the cinematograph operators becomes one of the common noises of the wilderness. Not that we have any quarrel to pick with them; they bring home more interesting trophies to show us than mere hides and horns, and if the big game do not appreciate photography, they at least appreciate it more than being slaughtered with modern fire-arms at long-range. Some of the pictures of wild animals used to illustrate this book are exceedingly good, mainly because they manage to make their subjects look natural where many technically superior photographs fail. And Mr. Holmes has the gift of writing fluently and well.

The expedition met with sundry misfortunes and difficulties—the description of how they "for hours on end plugged wearily along the narrow way, hemmed in by rank and rotting vegetation which almost shut out the sun, through black, slime-covered, stinking, leech-filled water, mostly waist high or more and occasionally almost submerging one of the smaller porters who was unfortunate enough to slip in a hole" is almost as graphic as the film, which was called 'Kili-manjaro' and exhibited some time ago. But the writer has been careful to avoid the tedious insistence on these details which is the fault of too many travel books; he has much to say about the people and the country as well as the wild-life, and has succeeded in making quite a readable book of it.

## NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

*One Dreamer Who Awakes.* By E. Shaw-Cowley. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.

*A Gay Lover.* By Rutherford Crockett. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

*Sounding Brass.* By Ethel Mannin. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d. net.

MEN, as portrayed by women novelists, are not seldom monsters, creatures of the wild, irresponsible in action, uncouth of speech. Most men, in life, are mild and gentle: but if a mild man strays into the pages of a novel written by a woman, he is likely to have a bad time; his wife will turn from him to the arms of a stronger lover or, if she does not, will have to make a stiff fight of it and take credit to herself for an act of self-abnegation. "This creature is in danger of damaging its head against my knuckles," said Heathcliff of the uxorious and forbearing Edgar Linton; and Catherine, who is for many people their favourite heroine in fiction, never reproached her lover for his exhibitions of ferocity; on the contrary, she taunted her husband with his inability to stand up to the savage founding. Catherine of course might easily prefer Heathcliff; but it is odd that Emily Brontë should have taken the preference so much for granted, should see no improbability in the picture of Catherine, in the security and warmth of Thrushcross Grange, wistfully and regretfully watching Heathcliff, while he dashes his head against the trees in the garden and utters short howls. But there it is. When Rochester asked Jane Eyre if she loved him, she replied, "To the finest fibre of my being, Sir!" No one could have loved Linton like that, and it is this particular quality in love, a quality compounded largely of admiration and renunciation, that so many women in women's books seek to make trial of. Often the cave-man is tamed into the prig: the intellectual is substituted for the physical bully. Jane Austen has several such. They are men no man would stand, and it is hard to believe in the cohorts of friends with which we are informed they are surrounded. Their effect on any conversation is instantaneous.

In 'One Dreamer Who Awakes,' this is how Adrian Cope addresses Miss Christine Stacey, who in consequence of financial losses has to make her living by playing in the orchestra of a hotel:

"Are you always utterly indifferent to the unspoken wish of a friend?"

The thudding beat was back again, but she met his look with a reserve equal to his own.

"I've so few friends that indifference can't possibly be applied to any one of them on my part."

"You parry very neatly, and I'm no hand at it; I'm only a plain man. Look at me, please." He held her eyes.

"I'd hoped to see you wearing a golden badge to-night, the colour which suits your personality best. . . ."

So captivated was Miss Stacey by the strangeness of this man and his conquering airs, that she consented to be his mistress for a year, at the end of which she was to see the firmness of his character in a very different light. He acted decisively, it is true, but like a cad; and his desertion of her paves the way for what is by far the best thing in the book—Miss Stacey's attempted suicide and her detention in the mental ward of a Poor Law Institute. This painful incident is described magnificently. The remainder of the book is concerned with the regeneration of the heroine brought about, as it seems to us, rather by a change of circumstances than a change of heart. With all her past upon her and unconfessed, she marries Gervase Dalbiac, a Shropshire squire; the disagreeable news is imparted to his sister, who refuses to speak to either of them. But Fate has a rod in pickle for the sister and deals a cruel blow at her respectability.

The situation is saved by the intervention of a moral *deus ex machina*; one disreputable Roland is balanced by an equally unsavoury Oliver. No doubt many quarrels have been terminated by each of the parties realizing that he is as bad as the other; but ethic abhors a compromise and will not admit that two blacks make one white. It is better to have no moral at all than a bad moral, and 'One Dreamer Who Awakes' would have been as well without one. Miss Shaw-Cowley is undeniably gifted, though the obscurities of her style make her sometimes difficult to read. Her casual characters are excellent. But she forgets that if you adopt a moral point of view you must stick to it and take the consequences. When the heroine does what she knows to be wrong she must be blamed, not pitied; she cannot have it both ways. Many writers use morality as a kind of limelight for their characters, because it shows them up well.

It is a relief to find that Sarah Reynolds, in 'A Gay Lover,' has not even any inclination to err:

Here I am [she soliloquizes], after an expensive and quite intelligent education, with no prejudices against the domestic arts as such—if anything, I rather lean to the "Darn-your-husband's socks" attitude, I believe—and while I can face Freud and the Einstein Theory and Easier Divorce and Henry James's novels, and even these terribly clever papers run by women, without blushing for my brain, yet when I have to grapple with an ordinary kitchen range, and how long to cook vegetables, and how to dust those horrible wee spirals on the stairs without losing my temper and half a day over it, I'm done!

Sarah's problem was how to reconcile marriage with a literary career: but the problem was not pressing because she had a greater capacity for domestic life than, in her inward communings, she was prepared to allow herself. The extract quoted describes her and is also a criticism of the book. It is full of odds and ends of culture, sometimes assimilated, sometimes not, of humdrum activities somewhat self-consciously undertaken, of the romance in ordinary occurrences, sometimes felt, sometimes only pointed out. Sarah's marriage is the ideal modern marriage; one wonders how people can be so reasonable and yet so much in love, and being so much in love can yet be so reasonable; and they wonder, too. For every conjugal rub or brush they have a store of sympathy and understanding. They are, in short, made for happiness; and when their cheerfulness grows too persistent, their humour too like facetiousness, one has to temper one's irritation by remembering how much worse it would be

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if they were set upon woe. The merit of the book lies in its high spirits, its occasional wit, and the courage Miss Crockett shows in endeavouring to write a serious novel in the major key. Its defect is in the flimsiness of its characters. At times they become merely the vehicles for Miss Crockett's optimism and culture. At such moments they don't react to each other; they exchange thoughts and pleasantries, and almost persuade one that their immunity from misfortune is obtained at the price of an immunity from life.

'Sounding Brass' is a far maturer, more considerable work than either of the preceding novels. It is the story of a collier's son, a hard, unattractive little boy who, having robbed his grandmother of her life's savings, sets off to London to make his fortune. He makes money hand over fist, subduing in himself any softer emotions, and cutting out of his life any sentimental adventures which might stand in his way. He becomes partner in a publicity business, marries the elderly daughter of a rich old man infirm in health, and takes a mistress. Detection involves him in divorce. Clients withdraw their contracts, a promised knighthood withers away, and we expect to take leave of James Rickard, broken by these set-backs and looking for consolation in some region where money is not. But Miss Mannin retains her cynicism to the last. Rickard is unrepentant. His business has suffered, true: but with the publicity the newspapers have given him he feels he can achieve anything:

"Ruined, indeed! Not with three wastepaper baskets full of press-cuttings, and more to come. Not so long as there was a British Press or British public!" . . . He looked up at the stars between the fawn silk curtains of his car, as twenty-five years ago he had looked up at them from the gutter, and they winked at him.

"Ruined be damned!" they said. "Publicity's publicity."

There have been many James Rickards in fiction, so the excellence of Miss Mannin's story lies chiefly in its execution. It has a marvellously even surface, and its construction is almost faultily faultless. We feel at times that Rickard will be a success not because of his own qualities but because it is so written in Miss Mannin's mind. The incidents of his early life, too, are not so much particular to Rickard as generally illustrative of the career of any poor pushing young man. But Miss Mannin deals faithfully with what, rightly or not, she conceives to be the modern world. Her censure is not sentimental nor capricious, and she never writes like a governess. But in doing what Mr. Aldous Huxley, with vivid colours and a more brilliant pen, tried to do in 'Antic Hay' and failed, her single-mindedness is in a sense her limitation; she does not get out of her satirical pictures of Bohemians and Business Men the amusement that Huxley did. But for that very reason the satire is sharper.

## SHORTER NOTICES

*A Short Life of William Pitt.* By J. Holland Rose. Bell. 4s. 6d. net.

PROFESSOR ROSE has produced an excellent book, full of agreeably vivid writing and rectified by research in papers only recently made available. The writing, as we know from his big book on the subject, is founded on wide knowledge and direct sources, while the new papers dismiss conclusions and conjectures which are unfair to Pitt. Every politician is liable to be accused of some deep game, when the explanation is simpler. We do not contend to-day, for instance, that Pitt put in Addington as Prime Minister, and put him out for his own purposes, when it suited him to do so. His spy system and prosecutions for sedition are the worst of his moves, and Professor Rose admits that he sank to his lowest at this time. The difficulties of his foreign policy with a host of promising and hardly performing allies are well exhibited. He always had to contend with "the national vice of

sanguine slackness," and, too sanguine himself, he was led by early disappointments to regard some reforms as hopeless. He did much for finance, but little for home legislation. The immense time occupied by the trial of Warren Hastings was a scandal which, though deliberately engineered, surely could and should have been reduced by Pitt. He was furtive about Catholic Emancipation when he ought to have faced that hideous incubus, George III. He comes out very well in comparison with more obviously attractive figures in the politics of the time. He tried, as the Professor says, to be above party, which to a cool observer seems one of the chief curses of English government.

*Psyche.* By Erwin Rohde. Translated by W. B. Hillis. Kegan Paul. 25s. net.

EVER since the publication of the first part of this book in 1890 and its completion in 1893, it has been part of the library of every classical scholar who read German and was concerned with the History of Religion. The extent of the author's reading, his boldness of conjecture and his skill in raising monuments of theory on that slight foundation compelled admiration and almost belief. From being an inquiry into the belief in the soul and immortality among the Greeks it has become the text-book on the subject. It is well, however, that the latest German edition should have been made the basis of the edition before us. The translation, considering the style of the original, is an excellent one, and the translator has done everything in his power to make the book useful to English readers. He and the publishers have conferred a great boon on the pretty large public which is interested in the history of religion and mysticism, not all of which is likely to accept Rohde's conclusions or even his methods. At any rate they can read them now for themselves and judge of their validity. 'Psyche' is a standard book, and its translation has been long overdue.

*The Jew in Drama.* By M. J. Landa. King. 12s. 6d. net.

MR. LANDA is well qualified for the work that he has undertaken. As actor, producer, and playwright he knows the stage from the working side of the footlights, while as a student of Jewish history and as a practising journalist he knows how to combine the affairs of the stage with the treatment of the study. Jew-baiting has had a deeper hold upon the English stage than it has had upon English life, and the anti-Semitic tendency of the more democratic English drama has not, in recent years, been taken seriously by its audience. None the less Mr. Landa has an interesting subject and he traces the procession of Jewish villains and grotesques as they march down the ages across our stage. He includes a useful chapter on the Yiddish Theatres, two of whose companies have recently demonstrated in London the extraordinary intensity of their dramatic power. But the English Jews are apparently a little contemptuous or distrustful of Yiddish, and the companies won more distinction than support. One wishes that their members would follow the example of Mr. Moscovitch and become recruits for our ordinary English stage. Such an actress as Sonia Alomis, who came to London with the Vilna troupe, proved herself to be in the first rank of tragediennes, and Mr. Landa might well have given more space than he does to describing the rise, progress, and disappointments of these brilliant adventurers.

*Crooks: Confessions.* By Neiley Lucas. Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d. net.

MR. NEILEY LUCAS, who has exchanged a career of crime for one of literature, writes with an evident knowledge of London's "underworld." His

former professional exploits brought him into intimate contact with many strange and undesirable people—thieves, smugglers, blackmailers, rum-runners and traffickers in cocaine. He has served terms of imprisonment, both in England and in Canada, and in most of his enterprises he has enjoyed the assistance of a confederate known as Hart. Perhaps the best story in the book is that which relates how Mr. Lucas attempted to deprive Gaby Deslys of her famous pearl necklace, and how he was outwitted by that talented actress. There are some amazing revelations in the chapter entitled, 'Intrigues of Society,' and if one-tenth of what the author tells us is true, it is clear that modern London could provide a few lessons in moral depravity to the Cities of the Plain.

*Historical Geography of England and Wales.* By E. H. Carrier. Allen and Unwin. 5s. net.

THIS book is the fruit of a first-rate idea—well elaborated and carried out with considerable skill. It is divided into three divisions—the Races of Britain, the Middle Ages, and the Modern Period. Of these the medieval section is on the whole the best and, we should judge, the one in which the author is most interested. The earlier period is more sketchily written, and the story of Roman Britain is the poorest part of the book. However, any teacher can remedy that, while the other parts of the work will give fresh life to his teaching and put in his hands a volume of facts not easily to be got together. At the same time this book is not a mere school book; the average reader will find it—as interesting as a novel, we were going to say—much more interesting than most of them we have read lately.

## THE JANUARY MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for January, in addition to its political articles—wherein the fall of Liberalism is traced to Campbell-Bannerman's seeing an ally instead of an enemy in the rising Labour movement, the fruits of Locarno are reckoned up, and the future of our relations with China and Bulgaria is examined—has an unusually strong literary side, which we are promised will be a permanent feature of the Review. Mr. Martin Armstrong deals with 'The Works of Charles Doughty'—more especially with his poetry, emphasizing its architectonic qualities and comparing him to Dante. Rowland Grey studies 'Woman in the Poetry of Hardy.' Except in 'The Dynasts' the eternal feminine is the central interest. Mr. Stephen Gwynn reviews some recent books giving the history of the Irish revolution, with its painful catalogue of crimes and blunders which might have been avoided. Mr. John Palmer, in 'The Fratellini,' writes about circuses and clowns with gusto, and more especially about this band of brothers who, we hope, will be seen in London soon. Mr. Beresford Chancellor catalogues mournfully the departed glories of Regent Street, and the remaining papers are up to the standard of a quite good number.

The *National Review* deals in its 'Episodes' with Locarno and English trustfulness, Senator Borah, who has become by mere seniority the most important man in American foreign affairs, German colonial ambition (why not switch it to Brazil?), the Dominions, dud leaders and sport. M. Lauzanne analyzes the career of M. Briand, Mr. A. G. Bradley recalls 'Life at Cambridge (1780-1815)' from some old papers, Miss Pitt has another of her charming studies, this time of her otter-cub, Tom; Mr. R. R. Oakley gives a vivid account of street fighting in Dublin, Mr. A. C. J. Hastings describes the Morocco of twenty-five years ago, Lady Peirse writes enthusiastically of 'Folk Dancing' in the past and to-day, and Sir John Ross has a sad story of 'The Major.'

The *Adelphi* opens with a paper by Mr. Middleton Murry on the meaning of "truth to life" as a test of literature. It is one of the best of his recent editorials and full of sound criticism. Another excellent piece of work is 'Autour d'Arnold Bennett,' by the Journeyman, which also deals with Mr. James Douglas. Mr. Cyril Falls has a dream fantasy, and Mr. H. E. Palmer writes on 'Early English Ballads.' His paper is good in a way, but just not good enough. Mr. Aylmer Maude begins a translation of Tolstoy's 'The Devil.' Mr. Warren calls attention to Robertson of Brighton, who, we fear, is not read to-day.

The *English Review* opens with a letter to Mr. Baldwin from "A Candid Friend," who almost abuses his privilege. Mr. Hargrove describes the condition of post-war France; Mr. Jeffries shows that her future as a great State is at stake in Morocco. Sir Arbutnot Lane's paper on 'Doctors and the Press' is already having wide repercussions. Mr. Dearmer's 'Himalayan Journal' is good reading; Mr. H. M. Forbes has the wrong title for a love episode of the life of Alexander

Selkirk; Miss Almedingen writes on the life and work of Ladislav Reymont, the Nobel prize-winner.

*Blackwood* this month is excellent. One turns first to Sir Charles Jessel's account of his father. Mr. Gwyn gives a charming account of part of a town in the French Mediterranean littoral round about Toulon. A. G. C. has a story of Soudan life, 'The Robe of Honour'; A Rolling Stone tells of some startling coincidences, Mr. Wratislaw describes 'A French Mission to Tunis in the Seventeenth Century,' and 'Musings without Method' wax hot over Communists in Britain and Communists in Russia.

*Cornhill* has a varied list of subjects: Parisian Salons to which Sigma was able to introduce celebrated friends; Miner Poets, not all of them too minor; Dahomey as seen by an English officer in 1862-3; Mr. William Farren's memories of Dickens plays he has seen; Mr. Laurence Housman's study of Burns on the stool of repentance, with an episode in the sermon that has long been familiar, and some more reminiscences of Rodin. The tales are by Susan Gaskell and Mr. L. M. Crump.

The *London Mercury* has among its chief attractions a paper by Mr. Vernon Rendall on 'The Humours of Editing,' drawn from his own experience on the old *Athenæum*. One of the most amusing was when he sent out his own novel, published under a pseudonym, for reviewing, and was told privately by the reviewer that the author's Latin was indifferent. We like the scholar who abused him because he would not transliterate Jehovah as Yahoo! The poet who wrote the 'Testament' does not convince us that he can write verse of the quality he describes, but there are other good copies of verse by Messrs. Armstrong, Andrade, and Niven. Two short plays by Mr. Squire, some Chinese anecdotes, and an essay in horror by Mr. Stone are noteworthy. Among the 'Chronicles,' those by Messrs. Pope, Norwood, Biron, Weekly, and Andrade are the best, the last being very lively on the subject of Cooking. Mr. Kendon, on Literary History and Criticism, is too charitable to one of the books he deals with: its translation from the Latin may be "very readable," it is certainly very incorrect. Mr. J. M. Bulloch must be getting used to the "k" which is usually put to his name.

The *Calendar* concludes the "Tchekov" play begun last month, 'The Wood Demon,' and Nievierov's sketch of a post-revolution Russian village, 'Androu, the Good-for-Nothing.' It gives us an essay by Mr. E. Muir on 'The Present State of Poetry,' which has changed its objectives and its postulates and is in a state of flux, poems by Mr. J. C. Ransom and Mr. Richard Church, and reviews by Mr. Wyndham Lewis and Mr. Robert Graves make up a good number. We observe that after the February number it is proposed to issue the *Calendar* as a quarterly.



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## CITY NOTES

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

**T**O resume my survey of 1925: on April 4 I repeated my recommendation to buy Central Provinces Manganese at £8 2s. 6d. I had originally recommended these shares on September 13, 1924, at £6 6s. 3d. Since last April shareholders have received two new shares free for every three old shares held, and the present price of £6 10s. is equivalent to £10 16s. 8d. for the old shares. I am uncertain as to the future of Manganese, and although I hear good reports of them I do not feel sufficiently confident to express an opinion. On April 11 I recommended Manbre Sugar at 10½; the price is now 10½. These shares are a first-class investment, particularly at the present price; I do not, however, agree with the policy of the Board in not making larger distributions to their shareholders. On April 18 I expressed an adverse opinion as to the future value of the franc, and recommended Babcock and Wilcox at 53s. 9d. I again urged holders not to sell Courtaulds, by then 98s. On April 25 I recommended François Cementation at 6s. 7½d.; they are now 11s. They are one of my strong recommendations for 1926.

MAY, 1925

On May 2 I recommended Lautaro Nitrate at 7½; they are now only 6½, despite the fact that shareholders have received 15s. a share in dividends. This company is a great favourite of mine; sooner or later the price will once more be commensurate with the yield. On the same day I referred to Anglo Ecuadorians. These shares have failed to rise, and are, in my opinion, another share that in due course will have its day. On May 9 I recommended Maynards at 6½; they had a substantial rise and shareholders a generous bonus. On May 23 I recommended a purchase of rubber shares, and selected Bidor. F.M.S. Planters Rembau Jeli and Sembitan Estates. The same week I recommended West Rand Consols at 7s. 9d., now 14s. 6d.; and General Mining at 14s. 9d., now 30s. 6d.

JUNE, 1925

In June I had become very optimistic about rubber shares, and selected United Sua Betong for a purchase. On June 20 I expressed bearish views on Home Rails, and recommended Sepang Selangor Rubber. On the 27th I was hopeful about Distillers; this company has proved somewhat disappointing to me, and I am a little diffident of repeating the recommendation.

JULY, 1925.

On July 18 I recommended Bwana M'Kubwa at 5s. 3d.; they are now 8s. I am particularly impressed with the possibilities of this Company and expect to see these shares considerably higher this year. I also on the same day recommended a Tea Share, Scottish Trust and Loan at 6; they are now 7½, and should in my opinion still be held. On August 1 I again drew attention to the strength of the position of the Chilean Nitrate Industry, which has been recently confirmed by the annual review. On the same day I recommended Bisichi Tin at 10s. Although these shares are now 12s., they have so far disappointed me; I had expected the new suction dredge to have got to work in October. I hear it has recently started and I therefore look for big returns in the near future. The bulk of these notes on August 15 were devoted to an optimistic fore-

cast of the rubber position, which proves interesting reading at the moment. On August 22 reference was made to City of Budapest international issue, then 31 now 40½; this loan should most certainly be held. On August 29 Lautaro Nitrates were re-recommended at 6½/32. I will complete the survey of 1925 recommendations next week.

## THIS WEEK

Markets started the year this week in an encouraging manner. There have been two issues of outstanding interest, the first of which is the issue of one million 7½% Hungarian Land Bonds, to which I referred last week. This, as anticipated, proved exceptionally attractive and it was amazingly over-subscribed. Letters of allotment are not yet issued, but when they are I am afraid many of those who applied will be disappointed. The other issue was the 7½% bonds of the St. Paulo Coffee Institute. The Institute, it may be remembered, was created about a year ago by the legislature of St. Paulo, with the object of regulating and fostering the coffee industry of the State. The bonds of the Institute have as security an equivalent amount of sterling bonds of the Government of St. Paulo deposited with the Trustees as well as a first charge on a transport tax on coffee grown on the estate, especially created for the services of the loan. I think that both these loans will prove attractive to the investor for mixing purposes, and after the market has settled down both will stand at a considerably higher price than that at which they were issued.

## RHODESIANS

The Rhodesian market has shown signs of great activity this week. Although an international stock, and so largely affected by the vagaries of the franc, Chartered have forged ahead to over 30s. in anticipation of a satisfactory dividend and a good report due in February. Our old friends Bwana M'Kubwa, Rhodesian Broken Hills and Northern Rhodesians have been in demand, as have Rhodesia Congo Border. I think all these shares will go decidedly better in the New Year, and add to the number Minerals Separation and Wankie Colliery. The Minerals Separation Company is very largely interested in the Northern Rhodesia mining field.

## WANKIE COLLIERY

As regards Wankie Colliery at the present price of 28s. 6d., these shares seem attractive. The Company paid a dividend of 2s. a share for 1924/25, and in the future should do better. I understand important new contracts have been signed increasing the Company's northern traffic by 370,000 tons of fuel per annum. The development of Northern Rhodesia will obviously greatly extend the demand for the Company's coal, and under these circumstances I think its outlook appears particularly promising.

## TIN SHARES

Tin shares this week have come in for more inquiry, particularly Nigerians. Here Bauchi Preference have been in strong demand, rising to 22s. 6d., South Bukuru to 4s. 9d. and Tin Fields to 3s. 3d. It is as well to point out that whereas in the past the shares of this Company were £1 shares, they have recently been split into 5s. shares and, therefore, the present quotation of 3s. 3d. is equivalent to 13s. for the old shares. I am hopeful of the future of these three Nigerian Companies.

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## MOTORING

## THE FINANCIAL POSITION

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

FROM whatever aspect motoring is surveyed there is small chance of progress if the financial position of the industry is not sound. Therefore it is pleasant to record that the past year has produced a profit for the manufacturers of motor vehicles in Great Britain as a whole, although losses were sustained by a few individual firms. Some of these concerns have still a heavy debit balance to reduce in spite of the fact that the past year has shown a trading profit. This applies particularly to the makers of commercial and goods-carrying motors, four of whom still have over a million and a half of money to earn before the debit and credit trading account will balance and make future profits available for dividends. As all these companies are making some profits each year, it is only a question of time before the accounts will be squared, provided they continue in their present profit-making. One hopes that the present year will show still more improvement in the financial status of the motor trade; there is less need of expenditure in new jigs and patterns than before owing to design becoming generally standardized. Taking the balance sheets published during the past year of fifteen of the principal car manufacturing firms with an issued capital of fourteen and three quarter million pounds, twelve of these earned, between them, a profit of over one million and a quarter pounds sterling, while three showed a combined loss of one hundred and seventy-three thousand pounds. This may be said to be satisfactory, taking everything into consideration, including the fact that a number of smaller concerns have also had a good trading year.

\* \* \*

A financial point which affects motor users and owners, and is far from satisfactory, is motor-car insurance. The ambiguity of the usual replacement value clause has deceived many owners of cars, the insurer is under the impression that an agreed replacement value is stated. In its current issue *The Motor* draws attention to a case where the vehicle originally costing, and insured for, £1,750, had been reduced in value by ten per cent. each year for insurance purposes to £1,000, the proportional premiums being paid. A total loss occurred and finally the utmost the insurance company would agree to pay was £550. Their reason for such a reduction was that this sum was the second-hand market value at the time of the loss. The insurer had paid a premium on one thousand pounds that year; he had therefore paid a premium on four hundred and fifty pounds more than he need have done. In order to arrive at a satisfactory basis every insured motor car owner should take up the question of the replacement value of his vehicle or vehicles with the insurance company at the time of the renewal of the policy each year. As a rule the companies do not suggest to the policy-holder that he should reduce his insurance, and consequently the annual premium, from year to year. But the moment a total loss by fire or theft is sustained they raise the question. Our contemporary suggests that cars are usually insured for private pleasure purposes, and that such policy-holders run a risk of being uncovered if the car is used for business purposes—which might be construed to include ordinary shopping or a journey to a distant town. They suggest that if only used occasionally for a business journey the use of the car should be specified in the policy for "private pleasure and occasional business purposes," which specification has been accepted by most insurance companies. As this is a period at which many renewals become necessary the question of replacement value and of usage should be considered seriously by all motor vehicle owners of whatever type their motors may be.

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## ACROSTICS

To allow increased space for Answers to Correspondents, the Rules for Acrostic Competition are on occasion omitted. They will, however, always appear at least once a month.

To avoid the same book being chosen twice, books mentioned in 'New Books at a Glance' (which, in many instances, are reviewed at length in a subsequent issue of the paper) will not, in future, be eligible as prizes for the Acrostic competition.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 201.

A KNOWING LACKREY, AND THE PLACE  
WHERE FIRST HE SAW HIS MASTER'S FACE.

1. If winter comes, I shan't lag far behind.
2. Shot through the air this object we may find.
3. First catch your word and then transpose the same.
4. Philologists a vowel-change thus name.
5. 'Twas mine when knights were bold the shield to bear.
6. The king of Judah fled: they slew him there.
7. Request to halt, in peremptory phrase.
8. How apt we are to do so all our days!
9. A quantity of fishes, white or red.
10. Curtail a language which we're told is dead.
11. By this alone can we for imports pay.
12. My gorgeous blossoms make yon shrubby gay.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 199.

N erv I  
E xtraditio N  
C a Vy<sup>1</sup>  
E ligibl E  
S alutatio N  
S wea T  
tI m Id  
T obacc O  
Y va N

<sup>1</sup> The Cavy, or Guinea-pig, has no tail.

ACROSTIC No. 199.—The winner is Mr. G. W. H. Iago, Sussex House, Cedar Road, Sutton, Surrey, who has selected as his prize 'Nonsense Verses,' published by Jarrolds and reviewed in our columns on December 26, under the title of 'A Book of Nonsense.' Thirty-eight other competitors chose this book, 22 named 'Game Trails in British Columbia,' 14 'Anglicanism,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT: Baitho, Ruth Bevan, Boskerris, Carlton, Dolmar, Lt.-Colonel Sir Wolseley Haig, Vespasian, C. J. Warden, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: Armadale, Baldersby, Barberry, Beechworth, Bolo, Rosa H. Boothroyd, C. H. Burton, Buster, Mrs. J. Butler, Ceyx, J. Chambers, Lionel Cresswell, Crucible, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, F. H. Cumberlege, Doric, M. East, East Sheen, E. K. P., Farsdon, Glamis, W. E. Groves, Hanworth, H. E. Hiles, Jop, Kirkton, Lar, John Lennie, Lilian, Ruby Macpherson, Madge, Margaret, Martha, L. M. Maxwell, M. A. S. McFarlane, Melville, Met, G. W. Miller, M. I. R., Lady Mottram, H. E. DuC. Norris, N. O. Sellam, Owl, Parvus, Peg, Peter, F. M. Petty, Plumbago, Polamar, Pussy, Rob, Sisyphus, F. N. Smith, Lady Stewart, Still Waters, St. Ives, M. Story, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Tallow, Twyford, Tyro, Vron, Zero, Zyk.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: A. de V. Blathwayt, W. F. Born, Chip, D. L., Cyril E. Ford, Gay, Miss Kelly, A. M. W. Maxwell, Oakapple, Quis, R. Ransom, Rho Kappa, Roid, S. Roxburgh, Shorwell, Stanfield, Stucco, J. Sutton, Varach, A. E. K. Wherry, Mrs. V. G. Wilson, Yewden, E. M. Young. All others more.

OAKAPPLE.—Ogilvie says that the genus Cavia is "characterized . . . by the absence of a tail." "Every schoolboy knows—or at least believes—that guinea-pigs have no tails.

ACROSTIC No. 198.—ONE LIGHT WRONG: Vron, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

STUCCO.—Many thanks.

TYRO.—Entirely the fault of the P.O., or of its Christmas congestion. Johnson defines "din" as "a loud noise; a violent and continued sound." If you have never heard this produced by a motor horn you are fortunate.

CRUCIBLE, A. R. N. C.-C., and others.—I see nothing quaint in the word Nullifidian, while Nothingarian seems to me a decidedly quaint and humorous term.

MADGE.—Explicit means *unambiguous*, rather than *true*. I do not think it a good answer to the Light.

D. L.—You omitted Light 5 altogether.

PEG.—Books chosen must be among those "reviewed in that issue in which the problem was set."

OWL.—If Eve was possessed of every wished-for attribute, how do you account for her lapse? You refer to 'Paradise Lost'; but see Book IX, and the passage in Book X in which it is said that in her looks were

apparent guilt,  
And shame, and perturbation, and despair,  
Anger, and obstinacy, and hate, and guile.

Few people wish their wives to possess these attributes!

L. C. and H. E. DuC. N.—I do not consider Sikh and Smith nearly as good answers to Light 7: "To him Disarmament makes no appeal," as Swordfish. Is there not some humour in my answer, none at all in yours?

A. DE V. B.—Your solution of No. 198 was duly received, but that of No. 197 did not reach us.

## THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW

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China—Land of Fascinating Mystery. By D. Halliday Macartney.  
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The Fruits of Locarno. By Hugh F. Spender.  
Sidelights on Revolutionary Ireland. By Stephen Gwynn.  
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Are Submarines Worth While? By Archibald Hurd.  
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Town Government in South Africa. By William Harbutt Dawson.  
Catherine. By Louis Delattre.  
Current Literature. By S. M. Ellis.  
More Hardman Letters. By H. M. Walbrook.  
Correspondence: Joseph Caillaux.

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